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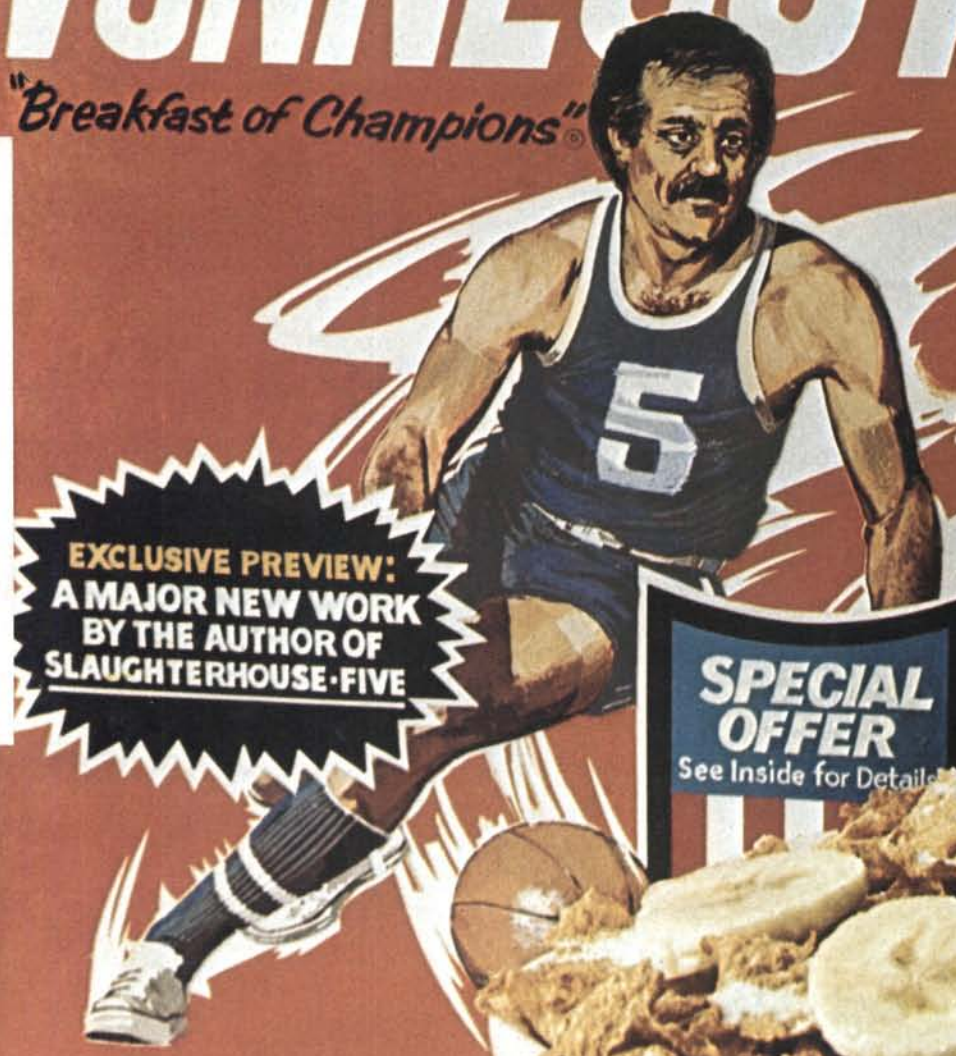

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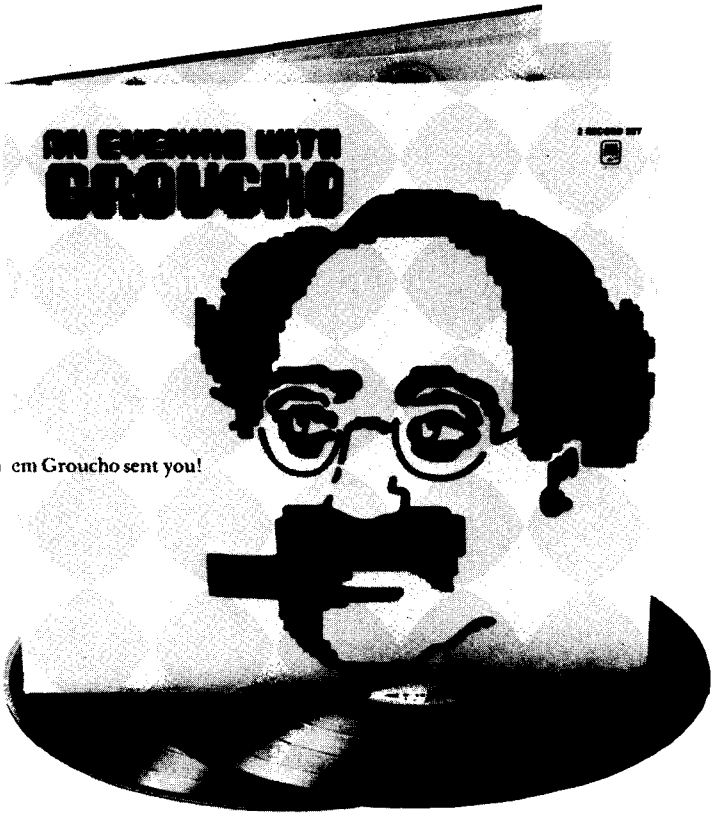

Tell 'em Groucho sent you!

Executive producer: Erin Fleming. Producer: Phil Ramone

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The Freedom Trail in Boston bypasses Dorchester. So does just about everything else, including jobs, housing and justice. TPF—which stands for The People First (and Tactical Police Force)—is a broad-based community organization trying to improve things, like housing, jobs and disbarring a greasy eminence named Judge Jerome P. Troy.

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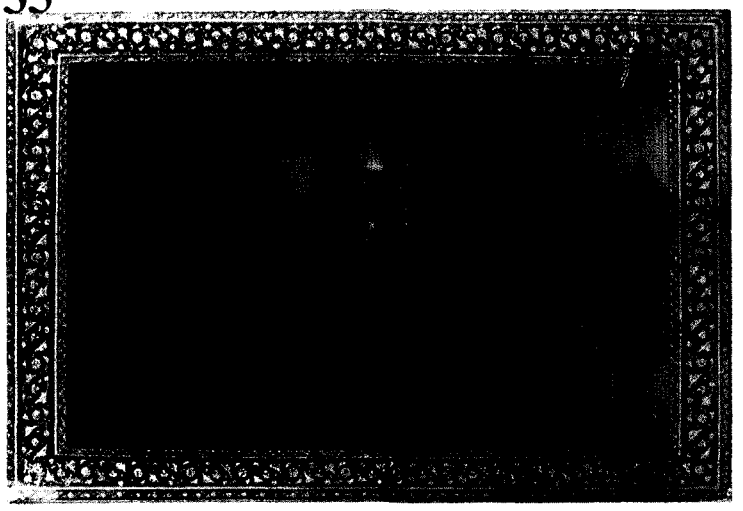
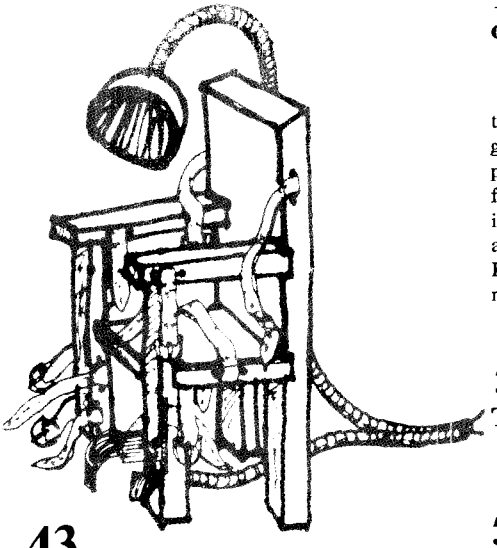


Baba Ram Dass: The Metamorphic Journey of Richard Alpert
A personal interview by Sara Davidson

The journey began at Harvard with a faculty buddy named Tim Leary. From Cambridge it led to Millbrook, the invention of new drugs and Nowhere. Finally, the journey took Alpert to an ashram in the Himalaya where, reborn as Baba Ram Dass, Richard Alpert learned Buddha's Four Noble Truths. Ram Dass' first interview in two years. *Namaste.* Here and Now.



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Breakfast of Champions
From the new novel
by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
Illustrations by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

"This book," Vonnegut writes, "is my fiftieth birthday present to myself. I feel as though I am crossing the spine of a pitched roof—having ascended one slope. I am programmed at fifty to perform childishly—to insult "The Star-Spangled Banner," to scrawl pictures of a Nazi flag and an asshole and a lot of other things with a felt-tipped pen . . ."

49
The Second Coming of Monti Rock, III
A personality by Bill Cardoso

Monti Rock, III, the once and several times darling of the New York media, is the greatest living example of the "human pseudo-event"—a person who is well-known for being well-known. He parlayed his fame into $2 milliion and blew it all. Self-described as a "spick faggot bi-sexual gay from the East Bronx," Monti is now in *Haw-lee-wood* rebuilding his image and his fortune.

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John Prine's Blue Collar Blues
A review by William Kloman

With songs about suicide, masturbation and lonely fat girls named Lydia, set to melodies that could be mistaken for hymns, a 26-year-old former mailman named John Prine warbles a kind of populist social realism.

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The First Word

JANUARY IS THE CRUELEST month. Death has come to *Life* magazine and Richard Nixon is annointed once again as our President. These re events that must give us pause.

Apologies to John Donne, but we must ay that the death of a major magazine iminishes us all—even if we could never ring ourselves to believe in the pluralistic yth that American journalism was a free arketplace of ideas. Gloomy thoughts re on the minds of everyone in the magzine business these days. With each passg year there seem to be more media onglomerates and less media. And while is finally the mundane concerns of the orkaday world (ad revenues, postage ates and demographics) that put an end magazines, *Life*, in death, gives curncy to the fashionable notion that only ublications concerned with coteries and pecial audiences" can succeed.

If we believed this, we would be cutng back and consolidating an identity as small sectarian journal. But as we've oted before, such magazines have always een pigeonholed into remoter niches, nd as a consequence have wound up lking to themselves to the accompanient of one hand clapping. We believe at now more than ever a magazine like AMPARTS must be more ambitious. We re persuaded by Nixon's kitsch coronaon (and all that implies), no less than y the passing of *Life*, that we—the disyal opposition—must press forward and y to speak to as many people as possible. Thus, we have expanded our staff, s our inveterate masthead watchers will lready have noticed, bringing in some of ie best workers we could find from the neyards of the established media.

Brit Hume has been an associate of ack Anderson and has learned to see the Vashington merry-go-round through the rism of secret documents. One day last pring, Hume interviewed Dita Beard, TT's dragon lady, about a memo she had ritten to her bosses. The rest, as they ay, is history.

Min Yee has worked for *Newsweek*, *ime* and the *Boston Globe*. He broke pose two years ago to write the inside ccount of what happened at San Quenn and Soledad when George Jackson and a number of other inmates and prison guards were killed. Harper's Magazine Press will publish his book in March.

David Obst won his spurs by founding Dispatch News Service in 1967. Shortly thereafter Dispatch published Seymour Hersh's expose of the My Lai massacre, which won it a Pulitzer Prize.

David Landau, author of a major book on Henry Kissinger, has written several articles in recent issues of this magazine. He will work from Washington as a contributing editor.

IT MAY BE that *Life* has disappeared, that one bright star in the Luce empire now a nova in dead orbit with *Saturday Evening Post*, *Look* and other casualties of the last decade. But Richard Nixon will be here for four more years. Make no mistake about that. And this, if nothing else, strengthens our determination to become a center and a rallying ground, not only for those who have come of age in the culture of dissidence, but also for the millions who showed by their support of the star-crossed McGovern campaign that they are not ready to be placed in a time warp and transported back to the quiet hysteria of the fifties.

Some who have been with us before are joining us for this new beginning. One is Andrew Kopkind, whose retrospective of the movement and the sixties appears in this issue. Another is Kurt Vonnegut, who has let us preview his new work, *Breakfast of Champions*. We have always been a partisan of his, even back in the days before he became a cult hero. In 1968 we got hold of a copy of *Slaughter-House Five*. Nobody else was interested in the book at the time—who knew that it would be the first of his novels to escape the underground?—but we published a lengthy excerpt. We even wound up, through a paperwork error, holding his copyright, including the film rights. Trapped in this absurdity as in one of his books, Vonnegut flew out to San Francisco to patiently take back what was rightfully his. Too naive to know how to turn a buck by honest, much less dishonest, means, we gave it to him. So it goes.—THE EDITORS

Ramparts

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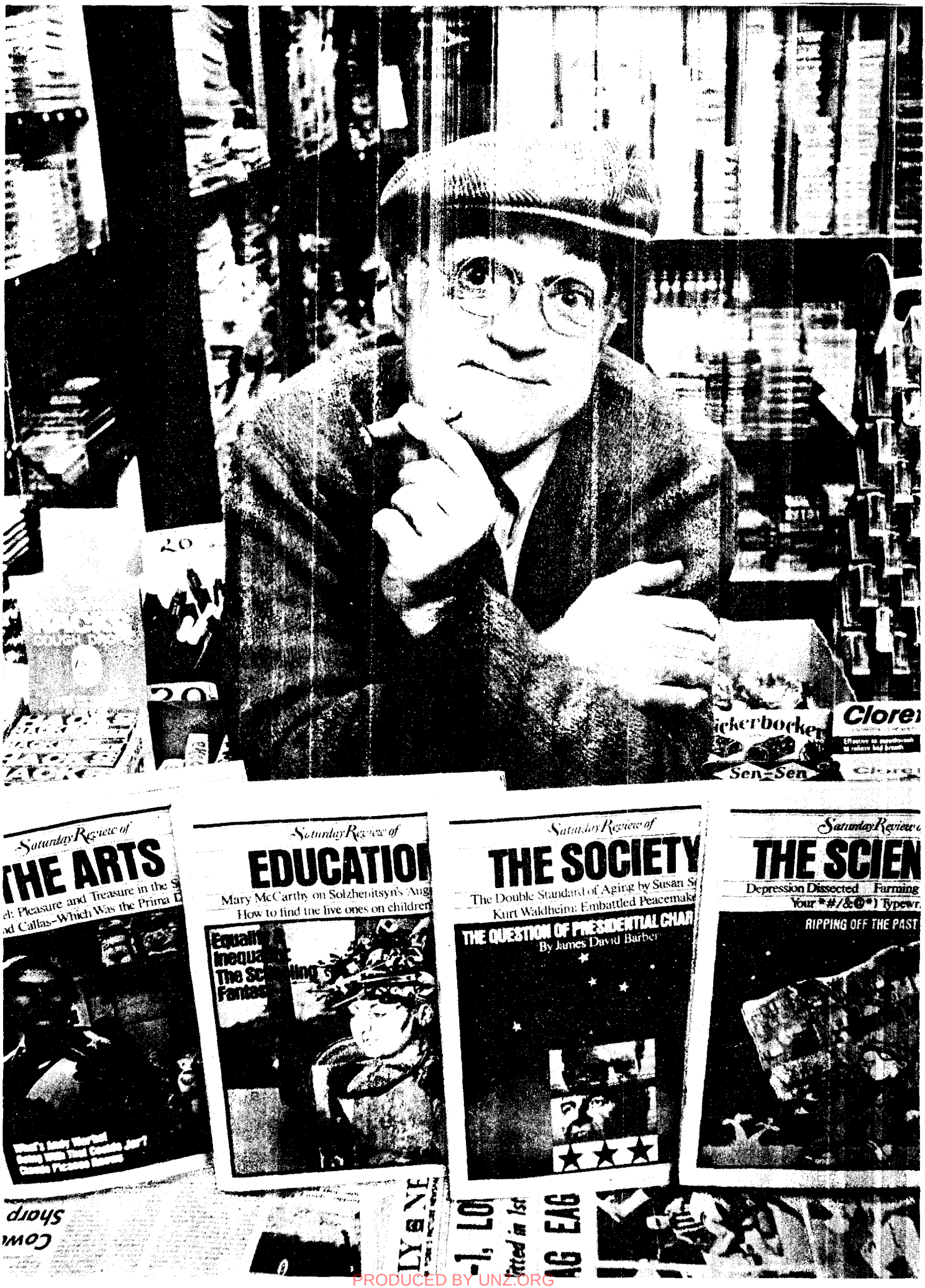

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- Vietnam War Art.
- The Great American Movie Game.
- Claude Picasso on the private ıllections of America's best-known odern artists.
- A look at mainland Chinese crafts.
- Street mime in San Francisco.
- The International Arrival of xperimental sound.

You'll really enjoy SATURDAY EVIEW OF THE ARTS.

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- Experimental Colleges.
- Slow Learners.
- Equality vs. Inequality.
- Should schooling be compulsory? Direct reports from states where it is not.
- Changes in mass "higher education."
- Economic and social systems in the public school microsociety.
- Are "educational" toys really educational?
- Do "crash courses" for College Boards really help?
- Education beyond college.

THE SOCIETY

The individual in today's society might as well be in a pinball machine.

Virtually everything that happens in society affects his life, yet for the most part, he is almost powerless to cope with it. The future shock phenomenon just accelerates the change, and makes its impact harder to take.

Well, the editors of Saturday Review have a partial solution to the problem. It's called SATURDAY REVIEW OF THE SOCIETY, and in a way, it is a survival manual. Its job is to keep you ahead of the current turmoil in society: politics, leisure, youth, labor unions, welfare, old age, advertising, environment, technology, the economy, communications, jobs, war, freedom.

Some samples of what it covers:

- The Doomsday Syndrome.
- Predicting Presidential Character.
- The American Obsession With Fun.
- A Tax Reform Symposium.
- The Double Standard of Aging.
- A Product Safety Computer.
- The Swing Justice of the Supreme Court.
- Can Wall Street Afford a Social Conscience?
- The Skyjacker and How to Stop Him.
- How the Army is Destroying Itself.

SATURDAY REVIEW OF THE SOCIETY will help you to understand the changes in society before they take place, and give you a leg up on dealing with them.

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Here's a sampling of articles:

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- The Anatomy of Melancholy.
- Isaac Asimov on the Ultimate Speed Limit.
- The Life and Death of the American Chicken.
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Letters

[KOZOL]

Editors / In publication of my essay, "Racism in the Counter-Culture," RAMPARTS accidentally dropped a footnote that referred to the important change that has taken place at *New Schools Exchange* during the past year. I want to correct this, since the transformation at *NSE* during the period of its new editorial direction is important not only in itself but also as the symbol of a larger change which seems now to be stirring in some sections of the nation.

The group now putting together *NSE*, especially its editor, Kat Marin, have worked very hard in the issues published since the summer of 1971, to transcend much of the elitist tone, contrived euphoria and class-race segregation which were characteristic of the magazine in its first years.

The magazine–still the largest Free School newsletter in the nation–can wield substantial influence, one way or another, in the ranks of teachers and young people. Those of us who have watched developments at *NSE* in the past year are hopeful that the publication will keep on in the same direction that has now been staked out by its editorial staff.

–Jonathan Kozol
Boston, Massachusetts

[RE MCGOVERN SUPPORT–CON]

Editors / RAMPARTS' support for McGovern in the September issue reflects a failure to learn from the past eight years. Even the one issue–Vietnam–which brings you to support McGovern should lead to the opposite conclusion. In 1964, large sections of the left supported LBJ as the "peace" candidate and got an escalation of the war after the election.

After building a powerful anti-war movement which contributed to toppling Johnson in 1968, the bulk of the anti-war movement was again suckered into the Democratic party with Eugene McCarthy. Believing that McCarthy represented *practical* power, the anti-war movement gave up the *real power that it had as an independent* mass movement. When the election campaign was over, the left was fragmented, demoralized, and incapable of significant opposition to Nixon, who then had a free hand in Vietnam.

Now RAMPARTS urges us to repeat the same mistake again.

The policies of Nixon or McGovern after the election will not be determined by pre-election rhetoric, but by what political and social forces exist. Supporting McGovern is not building our movement. It is building the movement of the Daleys, Muskies, and the liberal wing of the capitalist class. McGovern's "historic role," is, as he himself states, to keep developing movements of opposition trapped inside the dead end of the Democratic party. Your article is one contribution.

The above argument for the anti-war movement stands on its own; but we believe that as radicals we also should look toward the long-term solution–namely socialism, and the building of a socialist movement.

This means building a movement in the working class. One of the most important prerequisites of this task is to explain that workers form a class with needs diametrically opposed to those of the capitalist class. Radicals and socialists must participate in reform struggles in such a way that this fundamental lesson is brought home.

But the McGovern campaign (whether critically supported or not) does precisely the opposite. It feeds people's illusions that there is no basic class conflict in America, but only conflict between liberals and conservatives, between good guys and bad guys.

Your analogy sums it up: "We say that George McGovern captured the nomination. We also say that Henry Ford III builds cars. . ." (with the implication that they are just the symbols, that it was the workers who accomplished these things). But you fail to draw the obvious conclusion–Henry Ford captures the profits, and George McGovern captures the politics.

The task of the left is to build a real political opposition based in the working class and progressive social movements. To do this we must overcome the feeling of powerlessness that brings people to believe that *real* choices are only determined by different wings of the ruling class and that they must rely on the McGoverns rather than their own power.

–Richard J. Arneson
for the San Francisco Bay
Area International Socialists

[RE MCGOVERN SUPPORT–PRO]

Editors / I wish to commend you on your rational and pragmatic understanding and analysis of the recent election, particularly your "endorsement" of George McGovern. While other "leftist" or "movement" groups were reciting dogma about how McGovern was really a tool of the ruling class, that he would "perfect" imperialism, that he was a "sell-out reformist," I found your article a refreshing island in the middle of so much "revolutionary" dogmatism. Your recognition of McGovern's candidacy as the product of a political process due to the anti-war unrest in the country provided us with a tangible means of dealing with the elections–to follow through on the inertia we have been building up for the past decade.

It is true that McGovern lost, but so much was expected anyway by most of us. The importance of the elections, nonetheless, establishes a clear mandate for ending the war. Already, Nixon has attempted to undermine McGovern's base with the ambiguous "peace plan" of October. When 38 percent of the population votes for a man, who to them represents a "radical," "peace" candidate, then the reactionary forces in the country must accomodate in some way or another. Keep in mind that *any* reduction or *any* withdrawal of forces in Indochina is a great victory for the people there in terms of real, tangible effects such as fewer deaths, fewer bombs, as well as positive aspects such as an opportunity to reorganize, rebuild, and redistribute their efforts and struggle.

–John A. Pearson
Rochester, Mich.

[KISSINGER]

Editors / The article on Kissinger [RAMPARTS, December 1972] disgusted me. If you cannot put this man on his true level, a destroyer of the things that so many cherish, then you should put your pages to better use.

Why not be more objective and say Kissinger is *un vrai cochon* or better still common vermin whose ugly snout will roll Nixon's ball of dung or anyone else's as long as it gets him where he thinks his "scholarship" should put him.

Florence Davis
Bedford, Ohio

[CRATCHIT RECANTS]

Editors / I quit.

Over the past months I have concentrated my modest intellect on the nuts and bolts of white-collar criminality in a number of short articles instructing your readers on how to rip off a bizarre assortment of institutions (the IRS, insurance companies). It was enjoyable to do and I hope occasionally funny to read, and it did help me pass some slow time here in the joint. I should thank you for publishing my stuff, but I cannot because I think you were wrong, just as I was.

A number of your readers wrote me, some seeking advice, others criticizing my rip-off mentality, still others pointing out technical errors in my advice. All those letters were appreciated and I got the feeling that your readers are mighty good people.

Lately I have come around to agree with my critics: ripping off is neither therapeutic nor good politics. True, the Bolsheviks robbed banks to finance their revolution. That was worthy "crime," having nothing whatever in common with my style of rip off which is mere self-indulgence, serving neither to liberate one from his/her personal oppressions, nor serving to weaken or undermine the powers that rule this land. I was brought up in a good Protestant home and I still believe in the work ethic. The kids are just plain wrong to deny *all* bourgeois values. What this country needs is fewer dopesters, yogafreaks and lazygoodfornothings, and more people trained and disciplined and politically correct about how and where to invest their energies and talents.

(Continued on page 63)

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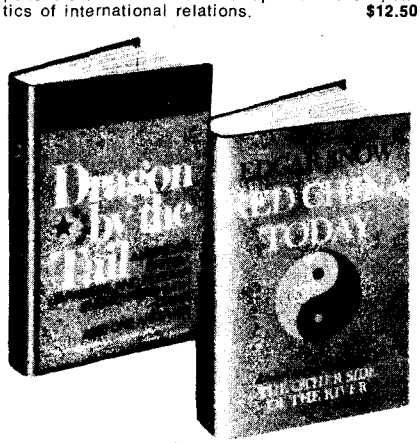

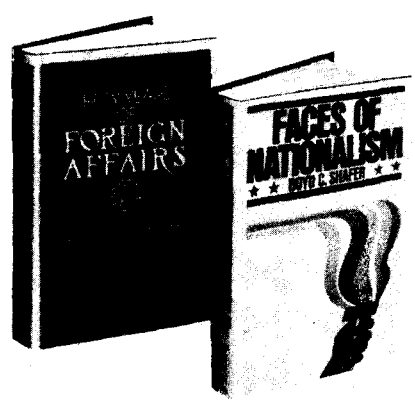

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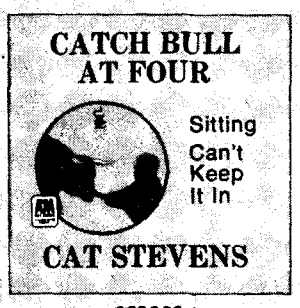

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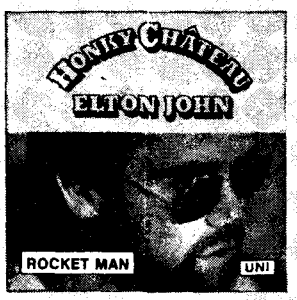

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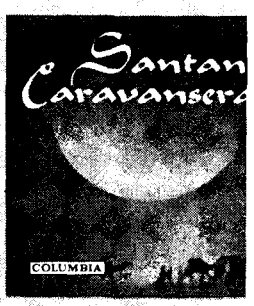

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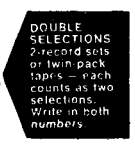

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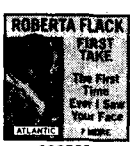

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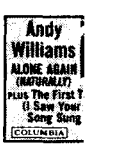

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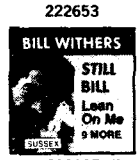

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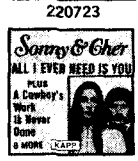

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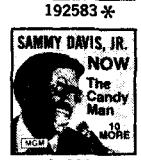

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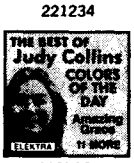

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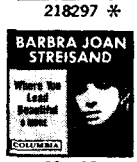

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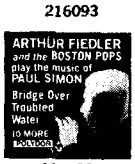

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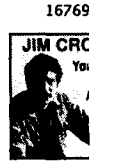

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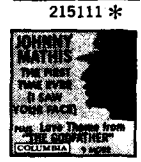

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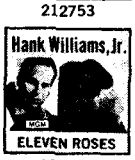

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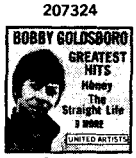

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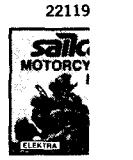

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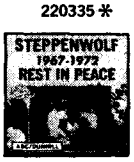

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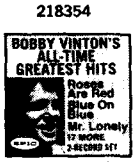

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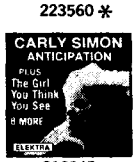

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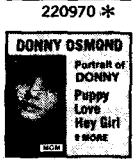

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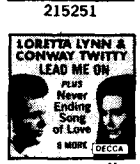

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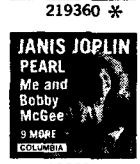

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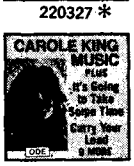

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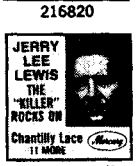

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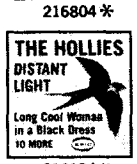

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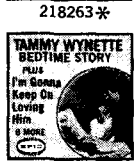

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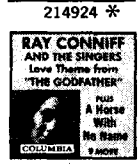

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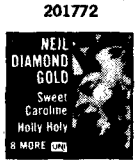

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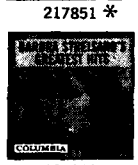

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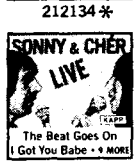

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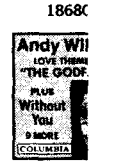

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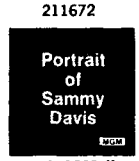

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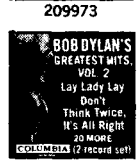

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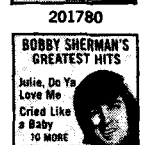

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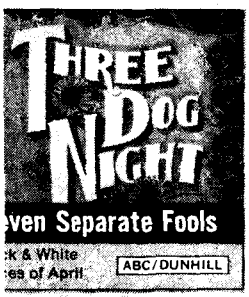

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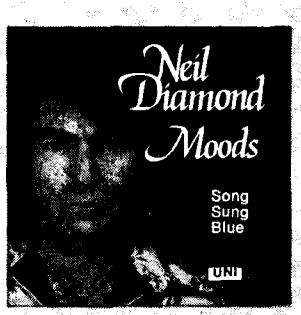

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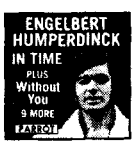

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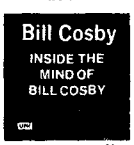

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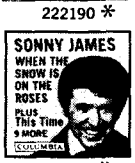

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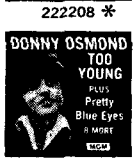

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Uncommon Sense

Washington—With the election long over and four more years of boring Republicanism stretching ahead, the political reporters stranded here are facing the challenge of their careers: how to get interesting stories out of a new Administration composed of people as stupefyingly colorless as the duds they replaced. The new cabinet is Richard Nixon's final revenge on the Washington press corps. What reporters normally do in such lean times is to try to stir up a fight. They are trying their best now. The President wants to reorganize the executive departments without consulting Congress. The mighty dukes of Capitol Hill are said to be bristling. An awful struggle looms, a constitutional confrontation. The President may be able to bomb Southeast Asia into oblivion and snuggle up to Peking and Moscow while Congress watches on TV with the rest of us. But just let him try to mess with the Bureau of Sport Fisheries or the Farmers Home Administration. The lords of the great congressional committees will rise as one to do furious battle with the White House.

Well, bullshit. If the President's reorganization scheme fails, it will be because he doesn't really give a hang—understandably—about the bloated and feckless executive departments and not because Congress fought off a challenge to its authority. Congress couldn't defend the Capitol building from the pigeons. Can anyone seriously believe that the sharpie in the White House, whose re-election team included a squad of gunmen and wiretappers, would have trouble outmaneuvering the superannuated buffoons who preside over the farcical proceedings on Capitol Hill? Congress today has never more closely resembled what Mark Twain used to call it: "The grand old benevolent national asylum for the helpless."

The White House now considers itself above congressional scrutiny. Presidential aides routinely refuse to appear before congressional committees on ground of "executive privilege." This convenient doctrine holds that the President's staff must be immune from congressional questioning to preserve the confidential advisory relationship between the staff and Mr. Big Himself. It was a dubious proposition even back in the days when the President had only a small staff of intimate advisors. Now, with the White House swollen into a mammoth bureaucracy of third string aides who seldom if ever see the President, it is utterly preposterous.

But does the executive branch recognize such a privilege for congressional advisors? Hardly. Senator Mike Gravel, ambition-crazed, reads the Pentagon Papers into the record of a subcommittee of which he is a chairman. The Justice Department seeks to prosecute him, despite the constitutional stricture against prosecuting members of Congress for official activities. A grand jury subpoena is issued for one of his aides. And what does the Senate do? Most members get up on the floor to denounce Gravel.

The whole ignominious affair might have been avoided were it not for the timidity of the Senate's supposed man of courage, Chairman William Fulbright of the Foreign Relations Committee. Fulbright was given a set of the Pentagon Papers by Daniel Ellsberg a full year and a half before they were turned over to the press. As an opponent of the war, Fulbright might have been expected to make the documents public or at least available to members of Congress. Instead, he locked them in a safe. The Senator is from Arkansas and he was undoubtedly afraid of whipping up the American Legion, the VFW and the rest of the Babbitts and half-wits who compose the 100-percent-American majority along those dismal frontiers. So it fell to Gravel to assert Congress' right to the information. The Justice Department has now apparently abandoned its efforts to prosecute him, but this decision was not the result of any successful defense by Congress of its prerogatives.

If the Constitution's checks and balances aren't getting much help from the Senate, they are faring even worse in the House, where Carl Albert struggles along as speaker, a friendly, pathetic little man in a job too big for him. He still votes against all the anti-war resolutions because he says he has to be consistent and he doesn't want to tie the President's hands. A measure of Albert's influence is the fact that very little is seen or heard of him, except at a daily five-minute news conference before the House convenes, which ends as the doorkeeper of the House steps up to brush the dandruff off the speaker's shoulders as he heads for the floor. Albert also made headlines for the first time in a long time last year when he got drunk, rammed into a parked car, and sped away from the scene. He lost his nerve and came back, but when the police tried to arrest him, he shrieked that he was the speaker, who had just helped push their pay raises through Congress. The cops laid off, as they always do in cases involving bigwigs. Albert and his aides insist he doesn't have a drinking problem, but others say that if you call his office and they tell you he's on the floor, it's hard to tell whether it's the floor of the House or the floor of his office.

Albert's feebleness has made Rep. Wilbur Mills, the crafty head of the Ways and Means Committee, more influential than ever. He is emerging as the most powerful man in the House and may eventually become speaker. His clout doesn't stem from exceptional brightness or leadership. It's just that he's taken enough time to understand the tax laws and the basics of the economy. To the average baboon serving time in Congress, a man who understands taxes and the economy is a wizard possessed of strange wisdom and occult powers.

In this bleak outlook, there is one ray of hope for Congress reasserting its position. If the banks, the oil companies and the AFL-CIO decided they didn't like what the President was doing, all 535 members of Congress would immediately be seen goose-stepping in awesome phalanx down Pennsylvania Avenue to storm the White House.

—**Brit Hume**

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De Mau Mau:

FAST EDDIE'S LAST DRAW

by Martin Weston

WIDE WORLD

Edward Hanrahan at apartment of slain Panthers

Tough Eddie Hanrahan went into a sulk and hid out for two days after he lost re-election to the Cook County state's attorney's office. "Surprised?" he exclaimed when he finally appeared before the microphones. "I was shocked!" Stormy and abrasive, Edward V. Hanrahan was the hottest thing going for the Democratic Party in the state of Illinois. Even though privately he detested George McGovern's self-righteous hide, Hanrahan was the man who could tip the state. More importantly, he was the plug in the oilpan of the creaking Cook County Democratic political machine.

At 50, Hanrahan was a rising star. His popularity among white voters and their Democratic committeemen made him the source of back room talk about who would replace 70-year-old Richard J. Daley as Cook County organization chairman and possibly mayor of Chicago. But there were problems.

Hanrahan and 13 others had to stand trial on charges that they had conspired to obstruct justice and alter evidence in the aftermath of the Dec. 4, 1969 raid on the Black Panther apartment on Chicago's west side, a raid in which Panther leaders, Fred Hampton and Mark Clark, were shot to death.

This could have had some impact on Hanrahan's political career. At least the Daley machine thought so when it dropped Eddie in favor of a traffic court judge. Undaunted, Hanrahan stuck out his chin, defied Richard Daley and other party chieftains and ran anyway. He won the primary handily. That wasn't too surprising. Chicagoans barely flinched when a federal grand jury handed down about 40 indictments for vote fraud in that election.

While all this was taking place, the blacks in Chicago were working up a real distaste for fast Eddie Hanrahan. The word on the street was that white toughs got the velvet glove treatment while blacks got the mailed knuckles. As Hanrahan's racist image grew in the black community and as the November election neared, even fast Eddie's supporters began to worry about the usually reliable black Democratic support. Then, too, Hanrahan's competition was an attractive former FBI agent named Bernard Carey.

This was the political scene when Hanrahan, Police Supt. Conlisk and Sheriff Richard Elrod called an unusual Sunday news conference in mid-October. To an image-hungry press, they told a fantastic story about a black gang called De Mau Mau.

The story seemed incredible. Ten black men—some of them seasoned military veterans—had been involved in the murders of nine whites beginning last spring, they said. One or more of the group had sneaked into the plush suburban homes of two families and mercilessly slaughtered them. They were also responsible for the deaths of two other men, the law enforcement trio said: one, hundreds of miles south of Chicago, near Carbondale, and the other along the Edens Expressway north of the city, near Highland Park.

The black gang that killed these white people was called De Mau Mau. It was a dangerous "organized gang," said Elrod. "We have the ringleaders. We have the primary trigger men . . . they were motivated to commit various brutal crimes. The primary motive appeared to be racial."

The crimes were indeed horrendous. The bullet-riddled bodies of a wealthy retired insurance executive, his wife, their daughter, and a relative were found one summer morning in a pantry of their spacious home in wealthy Barrington Hills.

Three members of the Corbett family were each shot in the back of the head with a .25 caliber pistol. Investigators speculated that the young woman may have been cut down with a .30 caliber carbine rifle as she tried to flee from the pantry and that the killers then decided to kill the other three.

The Corbett family killings were then linked to other grisly murders. The .25 caliber automatic used in the Corbett home was said to be "related" to the murder of a teenager named Kathleen Fiene. She was shot to death while returning home from a softball game, and although police had the weapons link, her murder was not

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charged to De Mau Mau. Instead, police speculated that the same weapon was "lent" to the girl's killers or killers.

Police further speculated that the .30 caliber weapon used to kill Corbett's daughter had a ballistics match with bullets taken from the body of a 19-year-old youth, Michael Gerschenson, who was found shot to death along a state highway.

There were other murders to link up. Army Specialist Fifth Class William Richter was shot to death on the Edens Expressway near Highland Park. A .38 caliber pistol used to kill him was one of the three guns, police said, used in the triple-murder of the family of Stephen D. Hawtree, a plant foreman, near the Chicago suburb of Monee.

Richter lived two weeks, long enough to tell police his assailants were black. Hawtree, his wife and their teenage son were shot to death in the basement of their home.

Although ballistics tests allegedly linked the Hawtree killings to the murder of Richter, Police Chief Edmund Dobbs said that it was not until members of the De Mau Mau group "admitted" to the slayings that a definite tie was made. "There was an actual admission that they were involved," Dobbs said. These alleged "admissions" are key to the police version of how the murders were connected. Dobbs, however, under careful questioning, said there is "no connection ballistically" between the Hawtree-Richter slayings and the Corbett-Gerschenson killings.

In the absence of any laboratory connection between the Corbett-Gerschenson and the Richter-Hawtree killings, police based their tie on the alleged "admissions" made during the 48-hour period beginning early October 13 when the first of the ten De Mau Mau were picked up.

Sheriff Elrod said that the interrogations were conducted with the first six suspects without the benefit of legal counsel. "They were advised of their rights and did not request counsel; when informed of their rights they chose to make statements without the presence of counsel," he said.

"Bullshit," commented one Chicago black reporter on hearing what Elrod had said. And indeed, it seemed curious that young street-wise black men who grew up in a Chicago ghetto would so easily give away their legal rights. What is more, it seems incredible that admissions to murder did not also include a statement as to the whereabouts of the alleged murder weapons. In more than a month of intensive investigation after the De Mau Mau arrests, police have yet to come up with the murder weapons or say that they have been destroyed.

Lacking any concrete evidence to support the story that the murders were committed by a group of disgruntled blacks, police quietly "leaked" details, leaving it to the press to bolster the story's credibility. The often irrationally competitive Chicago press obliged. A *Chicago Daily News* story, for example, written by veteran police reporters, gave intimate details of the Corbett family murders.

But while police implied that this informer connected the four murder incidents, they also insisted that the proof that the murders were all linked came from the accused men's own lips. When the first group of defendants were arraigned (after Election Day), all pleaded not guilty.

The story woven by police at this point becomes almost unbelievable. They have four murder incidents. Two of them are linked scientifically into one group, and two are linked scientifically into a separate group. An informer ties them all together, but apparently he is strong only on what happened at one of the four murder incidents. Later he says in court that even this incident was related to him by someone else, presumably one of the murderers. The account then is fifth hand: murderers to informer—to police investigator to police reporter to public.

Moreover, the informer, who's statements seem crucial to the entire story, is backed only by questionable admissions of guilt from the accused, under apparent duress. Hanrahan, Conlisk and Elrod, Cook County's three top guns, had never appeared together at a press conference. More than being unprecedented, their appearance together that fine Autumn Sunday, two weeks before the election, was at least suspicious. There were other considerations. A Republican in the state's attorney's office would mean investigations, harassment and perhaps even jail for many leading figures in the Daley organization. Hanrahan needed to be saved at all costs.

The string of suburban murders which had been charged to De Mau Mau clearly improved Hanrahan's image with nervous suburban and white ethnic voters who worry about spreading black crime.

Police admit that, aside from random street talk, they knew nothing of the existence of the so-called De Mau Mau prior to the arrests of the accused. But by the Monday following the first arrests, newspaper stories attributed to unnamed police investigators were saying that an informer placed De Mau Mau's membership at between 3000 and 4000 nationwide. This added to community hysteria.

These same investigators leaked stories that the alleged gang of terrorists had planned to begin systematically killing white policemen on Friday, the 13th of October, but the plan was foiled after the arrests began. There was never any substantiation in these stories. And of course there is no way to prove whether such killings were in fact planned.

Chicago has seen such questionable cases come and go before. The Conspiracy Trial and the Black Panther Raid are the most familiar examples. In both instances there appeared initially to be overwhelming evidence on the side of the law that later turned out to be less than accurate.

Hanrahan no doubt hoped that his uncovering of this newest "conspiracy" would have boosted his own image as the savior of white flesh in the face of a black menace. It was also, timed as it was, supposed to help his chances for re-election.

As it turned out, Hanrahan lost.

Bright lights turned on, pencils at the ready, newsmen who had covered the state's attorney for years waited for his final public words—not one of them sure what he would say or do next. "Welcome to Fast Eddie's last draw," one of them kidded.

Looking refreshed and wearing a blue suit and blue and white striped tie, he moved straight to the microphones and began talking rapidly.

"I think I lost the election because I got too few votes," he said at the end. ■

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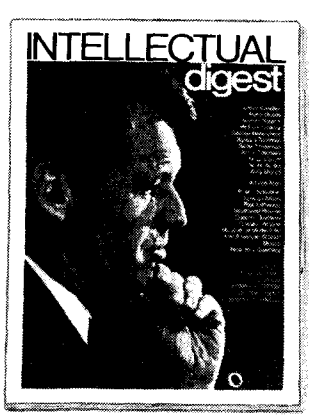

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Ethiopia: WHOSE KINGDOM COME?

by John Moorehead

Haile-Selassie has ruled Ethiopia for 56 years—15 as Regent, the rest as Emperor. To many foreigners he is all they know about the country—which is not as ignorant as it might seem since even among Ethiopians he has almost become synonymous with the State.

Every hotel, office, and army barracks, from one end of the Empire to the other, has a portrait of the ruler on its walls. The style is invariably stiff and formal with shoulders drawn up and eyes gazing into the distance to convey an impression of statesmanship and vision.

Such tributes reflect the long reign and durability of the Emperor as much as his achievements. He has survived countless plots, the most serious 12 years ago, when a group of noblemen seized power with the help of the Imperial Bodyguard while Haile-Selassie was in Brazil. Several ministers were shot on that occasion but the army remained loyal and the Emperor flew back to take control after a few very uncertain days. And though he has never quite regained the aura of invincibility which surrounded him before, the chances of a successful coup toppling him from his throne have now probably passed forever.

For in July, Haile-Selassie celebrated his 80th birthday and even his most dedicated supporters have begun thinking in terms of what might happen after the old man goes. Though the subject is never mentioned in public, it remains the source of endless private speculation.

John Moorehead is a London-based freelance journalist who was born in the United Arab Republic and studied history at Eton and Oxford. He formerly served as a correspondent for the London Evening Standard *and the* Daily Mail.

In the meantime the country seems to have settled into a trance. These are the last years of the *ancien regime* and on the surface little happens to disturb the calm which usually comes at the end of long reign. The students may riot but the rest of the population falls in reverence on their knees when the Emperor's car passes through the streets of the capital. Nobody hears about the bridges blown up by the Eritrean guerrillas in the north, but when the Emperor opens one in the south the event makes headlines in next day's newspapers.

Attending one of these dignified little civic ceremonies is like being at an English garden party. Such pleasant spectacles are deceptive, however. Not far behind the crowd are the soldiers and police.

In fact one sometimes gets the impression that there are almost as many men in Addis Ababa wearing uniforms as in civilian clothes. Convoys of military trucks weave through the traffic and in the late afternoon one quite often encounters on one of the city's wide avenues a band in full swing with a few small boys out in front twirling sticks in imitation of the drum majors. One could dismiss the military cavalcade as another example of the Ethiopian passion for ritual and ceremony, except that it is backed up by an equally numerous army of informers and secret police.

Still, Ethiopia is not in fact a police state. People do not disappear from their homes in the middle of the night. But if there is no terror there is certainly plenty of repression. The experience of one university student I met is typical of many others. His name was Gedamu and he claimed that he had been boycotting classes but otherwise his only crime was to be in the university canteen when the police arrived to investigate a case of intimidation. Two hundred students were then arrested and taken to the police station. Next day about half were released ("mostly those with influence," said Gedamu) while the rest remained locked up for a further week. They were then suddenly taken on a 21-hour truck journey to the Eastern town of Harar and handed over to the army, who transferred them to a military camp near the Somali border. Here they were told by a colonel that their minds had been "poisoned" by foreign propaganda, and then put to work building roads. They were there for 51 days altogether, and when they were released they had to make their own way back to Addis Ababa.

Now the irony of this story is that Gedamu really only exists because of the Emperor. Education has always been one of Haile-Selassie's pet subjects. He founded the university; and until six years ago he was his own minister of education.

To anyone who knows the Emperor's record, none of this is especially surprising. For Haile-Selassie has been as much the liberal reformer as the autocrat. He has curbed the power of the old nobility and the Christian Church, the two traditional pillars of Ethiopian society; and at the same time he has created new political forces such as the students, Parliament, trade unionists and the educated technocrats who increasingly fill the senior ministerial and administrative positions.

Yet the more you look at these new

WIDE WORLD

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groups, the more they all seem to share one characteristic in common: while pious statements are made about their vital significance, in the end their independence is more symbolic than real. It is almost as if the Emperor wished to create monuments to various ideals, and then carry on as though nothing had happened. Students are fine provided they know their place; trade unionists are acceptable provided they do not call strikes; members of Parliament are welcome provided they do not interfere with the business of government; ministers and officials are useful provided they realize the Emperor's power is absolute.

It is not of course quite like that. The day-to-day business of government has become so large and complicated that much of it is inevitably outside the Emperor's control. Yet Haile-Selassie's word remains final and no individual or group has managed to establish an independent power base or challenge his authority. One step too far and they are either in prison or consigned to oblivion in the provinces.

Of all Haile-Selassie's creations, the university is both the most impressive and the most incongruous, if only because it enjoys a greater measure of freedom than any other. The students can say and publish things on the campus which would have the ordinary man in the street immediately arrested. Naturally they have taken full advantage of this luxury and a whole range of topics such as land reform, the lack of schools, and even the Emperor's frequent junketing abroad have been openly discussed.

The only mystery is how anyone could imagine that having tasted the pleasures of free expression, the students would confine their activities to the campus. Demonstrations in the streets have inevitably caused the Government to intervene, and the university is now in danger of losing its precious morsel of freedom. Policemen have been posted on the gates and outside every faculty building; and though they may be on the university, as opposed to the city police, payroll, the spectacle of these men with their truncheons and dark glasses hardly invokes a feeling of academic liberty.

Secondary schools are likewise in a state of political turmoil. Boycotts, riots and even deaths occur regularly at high schools all over the country. At Asella, a town 100 miles south of Addis Ababa, 3,000 pupils came out on strike one week in May over several issues, including the lack of water at their school. When they refused to compromise, the police charged a meeting in the school compound with fixed bayonets, and many pupils vanished temporarily into the countryside.

WIDE WORLD

Unlike the West, however, Ethiopia is not fascinated by youth, and undergraduate protest will not play a significant part in bringing down the regime. Despite Haile-Selassie's reforms—and there is no doubt that in local terms they have been little short of revolutionary—Ethiopia remains an intensely conservative and backward country, locked in a medieval way of life.

The statistics, such as they are, read like a case history of underdevelopment: 90 percent of the 25 million population live on the land, a third of them more than 30 kilometers from the nearest road; barely one in ten can read; the average income is less than $50 a year.

These are depressing figures but Haile-Selassie has his alibis. In the past they were the powerful feudal barons. By adroit manipulation and promotion of his own men in a manner which an English Tudor King would have admired, he gradually brought the old aristocracy under control so that today they are no longer the political force they once were.

It is the lesser landowners, many of whom have received their land as a gift from the Emperor, who are the real block to the country's progress. By one of those anomalies which crop up in every corner of Ethiopian life, these people have found expression for their reactionary views through one of the new institutions created by the Emperor. As a result of various electoral qualifications they have tended to be the ones who have been elected to Parliament. Although in many ways the influence of a deputy in Parliament is negligible, from time to time an issue touches the interest of these provincial squires and they emerge from behind their newspapers and airy speeches, and make use of their power to block a piece of legislation. This is what has happened with the Land Reform Bill, which everyone else agrees is absolutely essential. Haile-Selassie has gone out of his way to stress its importance, yet so far Parliament will not be moved. Opinion on the outcome varies, with nearly everyone agreed that the land-owning deputies are not going to legislate themselves out of existence. The Emperor can issue an Imperial decree passing the Bill, and though this too has to be approved by Parliament, the constitution does not say when. So he could do it.

"If he doesn't," says one official, "it may indicate that he thinks this feudal society would dispense with his services if he attacked their basic roots. Or that he wasn't really serious about the reform anyhow."

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None of these delicate political calculations has been applied to the northern province of Eritrea, where the army is trying to suppress a strong Moslem-dominated secessionist movement. Like Northern Ireland, Eritrea is no longer just a name: it has become a political statement. If people are reluctant to talk in the south, in the north they remain utterly silent.

The local people are afraid to speak, and from officers high and low one hears the same refrain: "Everything is calm," they say. "All will be back to normal in a few months." A local Italian even mentioned that there was talk of opening the hunting season again, so things had to be getting better. There is little doubt from the government point of view the situation has improved in the last year or so. Military success, divisions among the rebels, and the recent agreement between Ethiopia and the Sudan, have all weakened the opposition. The roads around Asmara are now fairly safe to travel on and the guerrillas have failed to repeat such spectacular exploits as the assassination of a senior general and the derailment of a local train—two incidents which brought them international publicity not long ago.

But Eritrea still has the atmosphere of a precariously occupied province. Soldiers stand guard night and day on the hilltops above the road which plunges down through the mountains from Asmara to the Red Sea port of Massawa, and every half an hour or so the bus is stopped at a military checkpoint. Twice this year the guerrillas have attempted to blow up the single-track railway running parallel to the road. The passenger carriages have been destroyed and now the train carries only freight.

In this atmosphere it is difficult to believe the army's blithe assertion that a few months' "mopping up" will see the end of the trouble. Their case is not strengthened by naive exercises in propaganda. The guerrillas for instance are always referred to as "*shiftas*," which means robbers. There have been plenty of *shiftas* in this part of the country for years, but to dismiss the whole Eritrean Liberation Front as a bunch of thieves is absurd.

Similarly one is not very impressed

PHOTO: ELLIOT KANTER

when the army produces three repentant guerrillas for inspection in a military barracks. One is an ex-policeman, another a shepherd, and the third is a student, and with the colonel standing over them they can hardly wait to admit the error of their ways. The shepherd has even decided to join the army, which, if nothing else, shows a flexible approach to life. Of course the defection of three men may well reflect the declining fortunes of the ELF, but in the circumstances they can hardly be taken as credible witnesses.

The outcome in Eritrea, like every other problem in Ethiopia today, waits on one event: the death of the Emperor. Many people predict that when that happens there will be anarchy. A struggle for power at the center will be accompanied by the disintegration of the Empire at the fringes. Moslems living on the hot lowlands will rebel against the Christians on the high plateau. Eritrea will claim independence and rebellion will break out among the Gallas in the south. Such is the theory. Haile-Selassie has done much to create a sense of national unity, but Ethiopia is still a fragile alliance of many different races and creeds, and in a crisis it could suddenly fall apart.

The crisis will unquestionably come when Haile-Selassie dies. His supremacy is based more on respect for him as an individual than for the monarchy as an institution. But even today no government would survive without the backing of the Church, and the Church remains a solid supporter of the monarchy. And when one looks at the Emperor's opponents, the very people in fact whom he has created, they appear far too weak and isolated to make a challenge for power.

If anyone challenges the established order it will probably be the army. Military coups are a familiar event in Africa and the Ethiopian army is well placed to launch one. Backed by massive aid from America, its 40,000 soldiers are exceptionally well-equipped. The top brass of the army is very much part of the social system, but among the junior officers there is a different type of man.

Ten years ago the cream of the secondary schools were arbitrarily conscripted and trained at the Harar Military Academy. These men are now captains, majors and colonels, and they are very critical of the present state of affairs. They deplore the corruption and inefficiency of the government and the fact that Ethiopia has fallen behind other African countries, both socially and economically. While Haile-Selassie is there they will remain loyal. But when he goes so too may their restraint.

A colonels' government would probably keep the monarchy, but not necessarily choose Haile-Selassie's 56-year-old son, Crown Prince Asfa Wossen, as his successor. A smooth succession from father to son is a rare event in Ethiopian history, and, apart from his age, the Crown Prince did not strengthen his cause by making a broadcast in favor of the rebels during the 1960 coup—though he can hardly be blamed since he almost certainly did it under duress.

Whoever succeeds will never enjoy the monopoly of power that Haile-Selassie has held for the last 40 years. Beyond that no one can predict exactly what will happen. In the uncertainty most people act cautiously and keep their options open. It is an uneasy time for ambitious Ethiopians. Many of them have no doubt noticed a peculiarly apt warning sign on the road from Addis Ababa to Debra Markos, a few miles before the Blue Nile Gorge. In big letters, written in both English and Amharic, it says:

The viaduct ahead has begun to move. Drivers are advised to proceed very carefully and slowly. ■

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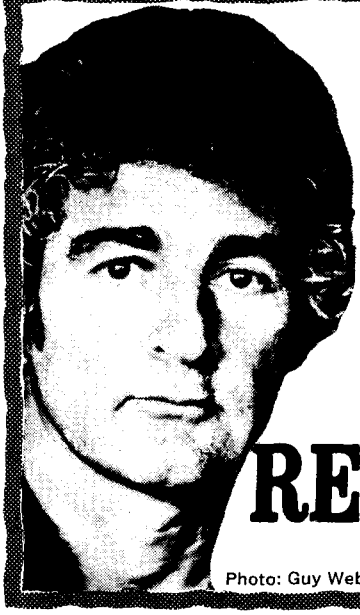

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TPF: DRIVING THE SNAKES OUT OF BOSTON

by Craig Unger

The Freedom Trail bypasses Dorchester. It takes in the site of the Boston Massacre and the Boston Tea Party. It includes such landmarks as Faneuil Hall, the Old North Church, and Paul Revere's home. But it never leaves Old Boston, and the tourists never see South Boston or Dorchester wherein reside most of the Irish Americans who make up better than half of the city's population.

They are, in fact, different cities—the one made famous by Paul Revere, the Adamses, James Otis, and the Minutemen, the other by Louise Day Hicks, James Michael Curley, and John McCormick. Indeed, if you were to ask the citizens of Dorchester about the history of their community, they are more likely to point out an ancient Howard Johnson's—said to be the first in the world with the familiar orange roof. The more sophisticated (and less racist) might show you Bluehill Ave., Malcolm X's stomping grounds as a youth and the site of widespread welfare riots in the '60s.

Dorchester: Irish-Italian, working class. Drab three-decker houses line its streets. Bars like the Blarney Stone Lounge are filled at night—and much of the day—with jobless Vietnam veterans. Groups of teenagers—the remnants of a dying tradition of baseball-bat- and bicycle-chain-wielding street gangs—hang out in places like Field's Corner, drinking beer, getting busted, and going to jail. The area is changing now as blacks move in from neighboring Roxbury. Indeed, Dorchester has achieved some national notoriety in the past decade for its conflicts over school integration.

Craig Unger is a free-lance journalist in Boston who writes regularly for the Boston Phoenix/After Dark *and the* Real Paper.

This was the cause with which Louise Day Hicks flailed her way to political prominence, and in white Dorchester, every little breeze seems to whisper her name. Still, until quite recently, the most powerful figure in the community was an obscure and venal politician named Jerome P. Troy, presiding judge of the Dorchester District Court. A political hack who reportedly bought his seat for $25,000, Troy used his post to reward his friends, punish his enemies, and instill the fear of Blind Justice in the poor people of the community. For every friendly gangster who passed easily and unconvicted through his courtroom, scores of welfare mothers were stunned with exorbitantly high bail and a demand that they charge their ex-husbands with non-support. For each slumlord friend of Troy whose housing violations were overlooked, hundreds of young people received inordinately long jail terms.

Judge Troy and friends PHOTO: MICHAEL DOBO

In the course of his wheeling and dealing, Troy managed to amass a considerable personal fortune. He is known to jet off to places like Majorca and Florida to speculate in condominiums. Nearer home, he developed an elaborate but abortive scheme to convert a public beach into a luxury restaurant-hotel-marina complex. The plan fell through, but not before the beach was ruined.

In the past two years, Judge Troy has come on hard times, and he now faces disbarment proceedings before the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court. His rapid demise has been engineered by an organization of improper Bostonians calling themselves TPF—or The People First. With dogged determination, these young people of Dorchester have passed around petitions, held press conferences, brought lawsuits, called rallies and demonstrations—all with the aim of creating a public scandal about the conditions in the Dorchester District Court. In the process, they have provided Dorchester residents with new hopes for challenging the local ruling elite and for overcoming the pervasive sense of political impotence.

TPF has built a movement in white working-class Dorchester, based on 15 full-time organizers and over 200 others who consider themselves actively affiliated with the group. It has fashioned the movement out of an odd variety of elements: youth culture, the student movement, alienation, and the Catholic Left. Its strength lies in its ability to draw out Dorchester's impulse towards community control—in the past, always identified by the liberal press as conservative—and apply it towards issues that are tearing Dor-

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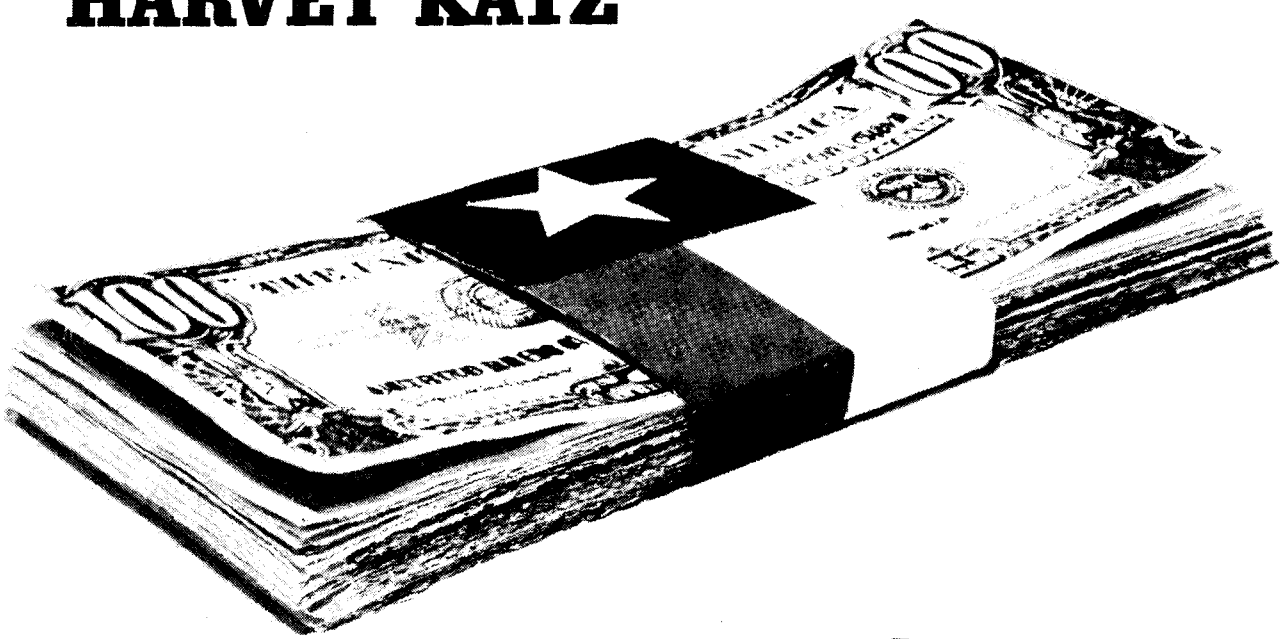
SHADOW ON THE ALAMO

New Heroes Fight Old Corruption in Texas Politics

HARVEY KATZ



DOUBLEDAY

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chester apart.

TPF is made up of people like Red Preziosi, 23. He describes it as "a gang with politics. If it weren't for TPF, we would probably still be out on the streets today. But TPF has also allowed us to put our thoughts and feelings about Dorchester into some kind of political perspective. That's important to us . . . After all, Dorchester is all we have."

Preziosi lives with his wife Charlene and three other TPFers in a three-story house on Bloomfield Street. All are in their mid-20s and all have spent most of their lives in Dorchester. Politically, they have no particular line, and not all embrace "New Left" ideology. "Most of us think of ourselves as radicals and some as socialists," Donna Finn may say, "but that is about as close as you can get to defining us."

Then, for example, take Jim Canny. He is not a member of TPF. A white collar worker at the Honeywell Corporation, Canny is fortyish and a former president of one of Dorchester's more respectable civic associations. As a veteran of community politics, he is more politically sophisticated than most Dorchester residents. Why does someone like him, basically conservative, work with a bunch of young leftists? "I know a lot of people call TPF radical and communist," Canny said. "But as far as I can see they are facing Dorchester's real problems and are doing it in a way that these civic associations have been afraid to do. Judge Troy, housing, day care centers: these are real issues in Dorchester. And if that's communism, maybe I'm further to the left than I thought I was."

Therein lies TPF's success. Unlike the student movement, TPF has been able to generate programs which directly affect people's lives. Its fight against the Boston Gas Company ("You pay through the nose or freeze through the winter.") saved a number of Dorchester residents from agonizing heating cut-offs in the middle of the winter and resulted in a number of reforms in the company's practices. TPF's food co-op has been successful and the women's group will open a day care center early this year. In housing, TPF is mounting a campaign to halt an increase of 25,000 students at the University of Massachusetts, because the increased enrollment would mean thousands of students seeking living quarters in Dorchester and result in skyrocketing rents.

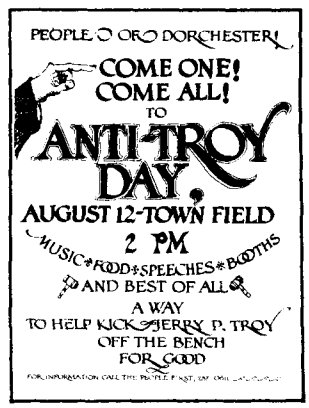
More remarkable, in a way, has been TPF's success in building opposition to the war in Vietnam. In some sense, the war is a community issue in Dorchester, which has felt its effects quite directly. Nearly half of its draft age men have been in the Armed Forces. Many return to find no jobs. Many don't return at all.

For some Dorchester soldiers, the army has proven to be a radicalizing experience. Dusty Maguire, a member of TPF's Bloomfield Street collective, is a case in point. "The army and the whole Vietnam war has had a disastrous impact on Dorchester," Dusty says. "A lot of people go there because they see it as a great adventure, as a way out of the dreary lives they've had in Dorchester. And some go, believe it or not, because they really are patriotic. But whether they live through the war and come back as either radicals or reactionaries, it still has a big effect on them. . . You see the colonels fucking around while the Vietnamese are out sweating in the fields. You see captains and generals black marketing, whoring it up. And when you come back you realize that this is exactly what has been going on in Dorchester the whole time. The structure is exactly the same. You may have a foreman overseeing your job or a Judge Troy at the bench, but they perform exactly the same roles."

Be that as it may, TPF has carried on educational work about the war and has led contingents from Dorchester to major peace marches in Boston and Washington. More significantly, it sponsored a local anti-war rally last year, with about 500 people in attendance. For most, it was their first demonstration.

TPF also made an early, self-conscious attempt to recruit women, without much success. In Dorchester, women tend to marry early and have children. As the marriages fall apart, the women are left with young children and, often, a job. They have no time for politics. Donna Finn of TPF explained the syndrome: "Growing up in Dorchester, you learn about sexism very fast. You live with it, you see marriages falling apart and you see welfare mothers getting screwed in Troy's courtroom. TPF at first didn't teach us anything new about sexism. It just gave us a name for it and let us put it in a political perspective."

Gradually, Donna Finn and other women came to play an active role inside TPF. They began to raise issues that play a crucial part in determining the quality of life in Dorchester. As Donna Miller—mother of two and a welfare recipient—explains it: "You wonder why kids in Dorchester get into so much trouble, why they are always in the streets and eventually wind up in jail.



"Young kids have a lot of energy. And if your marriage is falling apart, if you are on welfare, if you have a job, you just don't have the time or energy to do everything for them. So you see all these kids out in the streets. . . . I don't know what the answer to this vicious cycle is. But you've got to stop it somewhere and a day care center seems to be the first step." Hence, TPF plans to start such a center in the near future.

It is tempting to overdramatize TPF's accomplishments, and to underestimate the difficulties it faces. The successes to date, while real and concrete, are almost mundane. More important, it has been unable to come to grips with the most explosive issue in the community: busing. TPF itself is divided on the question and its internal division reflects the common dilemma of white working-class radicals. Angry as the people of Dorchester may be toward the slumlords, politicians, businessmen, and judges who run their lives, their anger is often matched by their fear and hatred of the blacks who seem to threaten their meager *status quo*. Question: how

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Norman Sheresky is a Fellow of the American Academy of Matrimonial Lawyers, a Member of its New York Chapter's Legislation and Ethics Committee, and a well-known New York attorney whose practice is devoted to family law.

Marya Mannes is a distinguished writer noted for the humanity of her views.

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does an organizer organize a white working-class movement which is truly radical and populist without confronting and overcoming this sometimes latent, sometimes overt racism? It is a question which TPF has not answered.

Even so, the group has created a stir in Dorchester. They have been successful enough to draw fire from right-wingers. Red Preziosi, for instance, has had his criminal record raked across the pages of the now defunct *Herald-Traveler.* And Judge Troy's supporters–like Jerry Gill of the Dorchester Community Improvement Program–claim that TPF is led by former SDSers and communists. "Michael Ansara is head of TPF," Gill said recently, "and he was head of SDS at Harvard. What does he know about Dorchester? What does he know about our community needs?"

Unwittingly, perhaps, Gill has stumbled across an issue that is a burning one inside TPF. The organization was, in fact, launched by "outside agitators" and refugees from the radical student movement, notably Michael Ansara, his wife Amy, and Ira Arlook.

Ansara has been accurately described as the *éminence grise* of the Boston anti-war movement. His file in the morgue of the *Boston Globe* is unlike any other. On it alone is a pink slip with special instructions to reporters, which reads: "In future stories on Michael Ansara please refrain from using the phrase 'his name is anathema to police and college officials alike.' That phrase was first used by Frank Mahoney in a story about Ansara and his role in the 1969 Harvard strike. It has since been used several times. Each time, Ansara's mother calls up and complains."

Within TPF and Dorchester, Ansara and the other radicals from Boston's once-massive student movement are conspicuous. Most of their co-workers never got through high school and had no political experience before TPF. By contrast, Ansara–a Harvard graduate–has played key roles in the 1969 Harvard strike (though he was not, as Jerry Gill claims, president of SDS), the New Leftist November Action Coalition, and the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice. Committed as he is to Dorchester, his roots lie elsewhere.

The Ansaras and Arlook moved to Dorchester from Cambridge in the fall of 1970. It was a time when many ex-students were realizing their isolation from Middle America and leaving the college towns for digs in more industrial areas. In Cambridge, they dubbed it "the year of the collective." The Ansara-Arlook group was virtually alone in establishing a firm foothold and generating a significant political force.

They moved into Dorchester on invitation from young people who had sought them out to help do leaflets against the brutality of Dorchester's Tactical Police Force. From then on, their skills tended to define their roles. All had experience in community organizing. All knew liberal academics who could help fund TPF. They had contacts in the press, knew how to put out a press release and set up a press conference. Michael and Amy Ansara had worked on the *Old Mole,* the Cambridge underground newspaper, and brought this skill to *TPF,* the Dorchester community paper they helped to found.

Perhaps inevitably, they did most of the work and made most of the decisions in the early stages of organizing. At first, the exhiliration of the birth of the movement carried the work forward, but before long tension developed between the natives and the outside agitators.

The rift came to a head last spring, with the upshot that the Ansaras and Arlook yielded most of their responsibilities to local people. They have remained in Dorchester and continue to work for TPF. But now, says Donna Finn, "they are workers in TPF just like anyone else."

Following the transition of power, the organization entered a rather quiet period of consolidation. Even so, it has carried forward the campaign against Judge Troy with a vengeance. Recently, it achieved a significant victory as the Boston Bar Association issued a report sharply critical of Troy's courtroom practices and charged him with falsifying his court records. Shortly thereafter, the Supreme Judicial Court–which has the power to disbar and remove Troy–decided to take up the question. It is believed that the Supreme Judicial Court would not have agreed to hear the case if it did not intend strong action against Troy.

To be sure, other judges have been removed from the bench for graft and corruption. Evidence abounds of Troy's dirty linen–some of it having surfaced in such establishment organs as the *Boston Globe* and *Time* magazine. The anti-establishment newspaper *Boston After Dark* has printed stories about the Judge's Mafia connections and his $25,000 pay-off for his seat on the bench. But TPF has based its legal case against Troy on other grounds–namely his discrimination against the poor–and this is the case which will be heard by the Supreme Judicial Court. If TPF wins, it will set a legal precedent with repercussions throughout Massachusetts and, very likely, throughout the country.

It would be no small or easy victory. Troy is an experienced politician, once a real power in the Democratic Party, and he has friends throughout the state government. But his network of political alliances has crumbled over the past two years as the word has gone out that it is no longer politically viable to be a friend of Jerome Troy. This phenomenon is attributable, above all, to TPF's unremitting pressure–its petition campaign (through which 10,000 Dorchester residents called for Troy's ouster), its demonstrations, its "Troy Day" rally, its lobbying and letter writing. If Troy goes down, TPF–and its thousands of supporters–can claim a clear-cut victory.

But win or lose, the members of TPF have grown through the Troy campaign. In the beginning, they set out to remove a single judge, a symbol of corrupt power in their community. They found that he maintained–and was maintained by–a whole system of power extending beyond Dorchester. As Red Preziosi says, "We've begun to realize that there is more to this than one wretched human being who happens to be a judge. Through TPF we've started to put our thoughts into some kind of political perspective. That's how we became radicals. And that is why the Troy campaign is so important to Dorchester." It was not said as a warning, but it should be taken as one–to judges and power elites everywhere. ■

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THE SELLING OUT OF THE CANDIDATE 1972

by Tom Oliphant

Sam Brown, the old-young McCarthy and Moratorium man, sat the big one out last year. He stayed home in comfy Colorado, helping to keep the Winter Olympics out of the state in 1976 and to elect local candidates. A wise decision? Probably so, for disillusionment with McGovern is in vogue these days, and for damned good reasons.

Here, for example, we have George McGovern allowing a statement in his name to be handed out aboard his campaign plane during a flight from New York to Cleveland on October 5, in which he says, "I am concerned with news reports indicating that I am not fully supporting the candidacy of Rep. Louise Day Hicks of Massachusetts. I want to stress again my support of Mrs. Hicks and the other Democratic nominees for Congress in my capacity as standard bearer of the party. I regard it as of utmost importance that Democrats stand united in this crucial election year."

Louise Day Hicks—the folk heroine of Northern know-nothings and racists, opposed by a machine Democratic liberal running as an independent, and McGovern wants her to know she is so dearly loved that he puts out the only formal, written endorsement of a congressional candidate of his campaign. The background is interesting—and revealing. The "news reports" he professed to be concerned about stemmed from his own statement in Boston the day before that while he felt obligated to be for all Democrats, period, he thought her opponent was a fine person. That shocking statement produced a telephoned expression of displeasure from Hicks. McGovern Headquarters in Washington then reached travelling Press Secretary Dick Dougherty, who called Hicks. After absorbing her less than intense ire, he wrote the statement, gave it to McGovern, who approved it, and then had it distributed to an enormously amused press corps, which quickly produced its own version of the old ballad:

Every little breeze seems to whisper Louise.
I'd like to squeeze Louise by the knees.

That, in tragi-comic form, is the mentality that produced the famous visit (or was it pilgrimage ?) to the Pedernales on August 22. In both cases, the result was the same—nothing. Hicks lost anyway, and LBJ doesn't count any more. Still, Gary Hart, and Mankiewicz, and Fred Dutton, and all the rest, including their nominal boss, had decided that while "Come Home America" was to be the theme (it never really was), "Come Home Democrats" (any Democrats) was to be the tactic. That, of course, is fine as far as it goes, but it ignores the difference between the traditional handout to those whose asses you have just kicked across the country before the convention, and groveling before those for whom you have no ideological or personal affection, as if they had beaten you.

But then consider the same George McGovern exactly a week after the Hicks episode. Again, he's on his plane after

Tom Oliphant, a member of the Boston Globe's *Washington Bureau, covered McGovern's post-convention campaign.*

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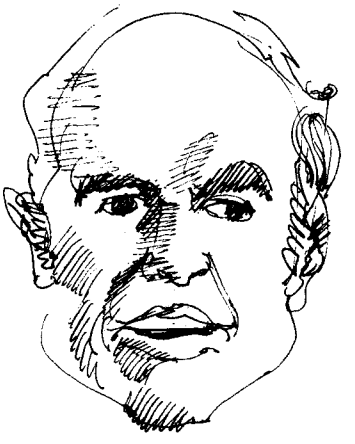
another night in Boston, flying out to Minneapolis. It's anti-war week for his campaign at this point, and he is perched on a credenza in the small office section in the rear, all alone, listening to a tape recorder, crying. The tape had been given to him that morning by a Boston radio talk show host. It contained the voice of a young Vietnam veteran who had called the show a few weeks before to try to put his disconnected memories of horror and destruction into sentences. The guy was obviously in bad shape, but through the sobs the message, a powerful, but sadly familiar one, came in clearly. Unaware that two reporters could see him, McGovern wiped his eyes, emerged, chatted a minute or two with us in the aisle, and then walked up to his private section of the plane. All minions, big and small, were kicked out, and then he just sat there alone for a while before lying down for a nap.

In Minneapolis, the main afternoon event was a rally on the campus of the University of Minnesota. It was a big one, completely packing the principal quadrangle. McGovern gave the standard stump speech of that period (Nixon's hiding, the Watergate and the War) and then said he was playing the tape over the loudspeaker system. You could have heard a pin drop in the place. The effect on the students and faculty was electric. What's more, the entire episode lost nothing of the flavor in its televised replay. McGovern had let his real self speak for a change, and he was clearly heard.



How can the McGovern of the Hicks episode be the McGovern of the Vietnam tape episode? For many reasons—expedience in subservience to a political tactic being a far from heinous one that comes readily to mind. Above all, it is essential to recognize McGovern's dilemma, as he and his closest associates understood it when the real push began on Labor day.

Briefly, the problem was this: they were aware that most people had the notion George McGovern shouldn't be President. As McGovern's young pollster, Pat Cadell has since put it, this country's electorate approaches the Presidency differently than it does any other office. While in the case of congressmen and other locals, issues frequently can be everything in a campaign, most people tend to look at something else before they get to the issues in a presidential contest. That "something else" is their perception of a person, and the extent to which they envisage themselves as comfortable if he should make it into this office which the media and other mass communications outlets (like the schools) have so wrongly placed on a heaven-high pedestal.

What Cadell's samplings showed as September began was that people felt anything but comfortable about McGovern. For several reasons—like his failure to defend himself aggressively against Humphrey's attacks during the California primary, the public impression that the Democratic National Convention was a zoo, and the Eagleton affair, to name three—McGovern was not thought to be sufficiently "presidential" (to use the Americanized version of "regal").

What flowed logically from these findings was the corollary that, unless that problem was decisively overcome, McGovern's stands on all the issues under the sun last year meant absolutely nothing politically. What to do in that context, then, was the first decision that had to be made. The options were numerous and fairly obvious—stress issues, stress personal qualities, stress a few traditional Democratic issues, stress issues that raise the prospect of "fundamental change," get gobs of exposure, attack, defend, and propose.

If a clear decision was ever made, none was ever carried out. The campaign that was clearly drifting in August clearly drifted right into the last week, then anchored in Indochina long after it was too late. The drift was not, I believe, the result of inaction or ineptitude, but more a consequence of the desperate need to find something that would work. Remember, a key barometer had to be polls, and as precious time passed, neither Cadell's polls, nor anybody else's for that matter, showed McGovern making people more comfortable as a possible President of the United States.

Still, to the extent there was a discernible pattern, I have concluded that McGovern attacked Nixon and defended himself far more than he discussed steps he wanted to take as President, and, politics apart completely, there is something wrong with that. After his revised tax reform and income maintenance scheme was unveiled before the New York security analysts group in late August, I never again heard him discuss either topic in genuine detail. With a complicated series of proposals to reduce most forms of military spending on the table since early in the pre-convention campaign, McGovern virtually ignored them after his nomination. Instead, he flaunted his patriotism, insisted that the country would never be number two, promised almost everywhere he went to keep local military facilities open, and often couched his proposed spending reductions in terms of ending "waste." On September 15, in Portland, Maine, McGovern delivered a speech outlining the steps he would take to deal with in-

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flation if he were President, while some of his economist friends (centrists like Walter Heller and Arthur Okun) filled in a few technical details in Washington. He never focused on that proposal again. Even when he went on national television in mid-October to talk for a half-hour about the economy, he spent his time almost exclusively on the attack, consigning his own positions to general, summary sentences.

Just as galling were the frequent occasions when ideas of substance were handed out on paper and then totally ignored when it came to the candidate's actual utterances during the day. In these cases, positions would be hammered out, then worked into speech form, approved by McGovern, distributed to the press, and then forgotten.

On October 25, McGovern's entourage began the day in Milwaukee, where, in the morning, while the candidate was off appearing on a local television show, the press was handed a long, rather tough (by traditional liberal standards) statement on antitrust policy. Supposedly, or so we were told, it was to be the basis for remarks later in the morning before a group of labor people. It never was; instead there was more hyperbole about the Watergate case. The point is not that it's demagogic to discuss Watergate (just the opposite, in fact); the point is that the candidate failed "the duty to look into his heart and speak"—in Carl Oglesby's phrase—and he did not meet the challenge by flinging pieces of paper at a traveling corps of political writers.

The same day, another handout went into multi-point detail on what a McGovern Administration might do for veterans. Again, however, if all a person did was stick on McGovern's elbow all day—which is, after all, what a traveling press corps is supposed to do—one would never have known that the candidate had released such a proposal. Moreover, given such journalistic facts of life as space limitations, it was preposterous to think that two long proposal documents, plus a full day of campaigning (which with McGovern was literally a full day), could all somehow be squeezed into one story. Despairing of the attempt, my own piece focused on McGovern's latest charges about the Watergate matter, and insofar as I could determine in a spot check, my other principal colleagues behaved likewise.

Similarly, in St. Louis on November 5, two days before the election, McGovern released one of the most refreshing statements of a man's concept of the presidency I have ever read. A senior aide, Fred Dutton, had put the ideas together about a month before, when McGovern planned to devote one of his national television speeches to the subject, but when that plan was discarded, the speech was set aside. The theme was on the need to both deflate and open up the presidency and the entire executive branch—disclosing deliberations well in advance of decisions, traveling the country regularly to take questions in meetings with citizen groups, forbidding White House people from ever contacting a regulatory agency about a pending case, that kind of stuff—well thought out and well written. The speech was to be delivered that last Sunday before a gathering of Missouri McGovernites at a motel near the St. Louis Airport. As it turned out, though, only one phrase ever came out of McGovern's mouth from the speech—a phrase about his not wanting to be a Roman emperor. For the remainder of his time before the microphone—flanked by such "dignitaries" as Carl Albert, Tom Eagleton and Missouri's scandal-scarred lame duck Gov. Warren Hearnes—he said the same things he would tell our shopping center rallies. This time I ignored small talk and wrote in some detail the next day about the speech he never delivered, but not without considerable resentment that McGovern was using me and others to get his substantive work done, and on a topic concerning which McGovern said in the undelivered text: "... A candidate should be tested above all else by his view of presidential leadership and his vision for the nation."

It was revealing that so many of these never-to-be delivered texts were dumped on us during those last few weeks. It struck me as sort of an admission that with so much substance ignored or forgotten during the crucial September-October period, there was nothing left to do with the accumulated documents in the end but dump them on the public record. Why this was done is a question for which there is no satisfactory answer, especially because McGovern could be extremely effective in public on those few occasions when he chose to basically follow a substantive script. In Cleveland, on October 5, for example, he did a superb job outlining his views on a proper non-Indochina foreign policy, delivering this rather cogent critique of the Nixon-Kissinger focus:

"In virtually every statement, every act of this Administration, nearly two and a half billion human beings in the world have been left out. These are the people who have too little power to figure in a new balance of power based on the military giants; they are the people who are too meek to command the attention given to generals and weapons manufacturers producing excess weapons we do not need; they are the people whose crime was to be born poor."

Or, three days before, he had had a good morning in Washington before the old farts at the UPI Editors' Convention, explaining in a way that included but went far beyond Watergate and ITT why he felt Nixon headed the most corrupt administration in American history:

"The Nixon mess in Washington includes the corruption of our ideals in an unjust war as well as the corruption of the Justice Department in the ITT case. It includes the corruption of our Constitution by assaults on freedom of the press as well as the corruption of our tax code by loopholes for a wealthy few. It includes the corruption of our political process by attempts to hide the real issues of 1972 as well as the corruption of law enforcement by attempts to hide the truth about the Watergate burglary last June."

McGovern suffered not a bit in either case because he let something better than a poorly ad-libbed stump speech out of his mouth. In both cases, his exposure, local and national, was all he could have wanted, and perhaps more, since he was plowing new ground for a change.

The mincing of words by McGovern after his nomination is often attributed to the influence of those closest to his ear. Ironically, the stance of the key people appeared to change drastically from its pre-convention orientation. Thus

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Gary Hart, something of a purist in the early days, is said to have been trying to tone his boss down as the nominee, while Frank Mankiewicz, the closest thing to an old pol in the primary days (which wasn't very close), wanted the campaign to retain its issue orientation.

There's some truth there, though the reality of the post-convention scene in McGovern's entourage was more complicated. Above all, this view obscures a much-overlooked fact—namely that McGovern was his own closest advisor, together with his wife, far more than is generally known. Often it was good that he was, especially in the case of the campaign's handling of the Kissinger "peace is at hand" affair.

One day after the good German pulled that fast one on an unsuspecting public, the repentant old Johnson hand, Paul Warnke, whom McGovern picked as his contact man with the White House for sensitive foreign stuff, was allowed in to see Kissinger's principal helper, Gen. Alexander Haig. What actually transpired is still in dispute. The Nixon people say Haig asked Warnke to get McGovern to shut up in the interest of peace and that Warnke agreed. The Warnke version is that he only agreed to pass on the message. McGovern, however, had already gone on the attack. The words were scarcely out of Kissinger's mouth on October 26 before McGovern was wondering aloud what the hell all those hundreds of thousands of people had died for since Nixon was elected. When the original agreement-signing date of October 31 came and went with no signatures on anything, he correctly called the whole episode a fraud. By then the country may not have been listening to him politically, but his words in the closing moments of the campaign may come back to haunt Nixon before much longer, and in the context of traditional American presidential politicking, it took guts to get them on the record.

Inevitably, there has been talk about what kind of President McGovern would really have been had he won, regardless of what he said and promised during his 22-month grind. Back in August, he publicly nominated for Secretary of the Treasury Rep. Wilbur Mills, who after the election was saying he couldn't see the need for fast action on tax reform, and that accordingly his very own Ways and Means Committee would move slowly this year. In early October, McGovern listed his four candidates for Secretary of Defense—Warnke, Vance, Clark Clifford and James Gavin. Then, in mid-October, he said he had asked Clifford, and old John Kennedy hand Theodore Sorenson, to submit papers to guide him in planning for the transition should he be elected.

Right after the election, there was some informed speculation about the likely tone of a McGovern Administration in its early months from Ted Van Dyk, an ex-Humphrey staff member who coordinated all the issues work for McGovern from Washington after the convention. Van Dyk indicated that his man would have been tough as nails on only two matters. The first was the War, which would have been totally over for the United States (bombs, bucks, and all) within the 90 days McGovern had promised. The other was military spending, which McGovern would have insisted be trimmed $10 billion a year, and which he would have cut with vetoes, the impounding of appropriated funds, and any other device at his disposal. Beyond that, however, Van Dyk painted a picture of caution, or mandate-consciousness. It was clear well before Labor Day that for McGovern to win the presidency he would probably have to accept election with a clear minority of the popular vote, winning solely through some close victories in the electoral vote-rich big states. Van Dyk indicated that McGovern as President would have been ever-aware of this tiny margin and would accordingly have moved very, very slowly on the domestic front.

Other aides have speculated on a similarly informed basis that McGovern would have probably spent at least his first two years in office trying to win in Congress on budgetary priorities as well as on his specific proposals. Given the less than friendly nature of things on Capitol Hill these days, McGovern would also probably have had to plunge deeply into the 1974 congressional elections to get something resembling the kind of mandate that would enable him to press ahead in his second two years with something resembling vigor. It would, in short, have been anything but a picnic.

Still, on the strength of the War and the Pentagon budget alone, it's hard to construct an argument that the outcome last November was of no consequence and that those who rolled up their sleeves for McGovern were therefore wasting their time.

McGovern, for all his faults, took the notion of specificity in a presidential candidate miles further than it's ever been taken before, and in the most unfavorable of political circumstances. It was, unfortunately, not far enough. ■

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Martin Luther King CHARLES MOORE/B[illegible]

Looking Backward:

THE SIXTIES AND THE MOVEMENT

I have some scattered papers before me: "An Interracial Movement of the Poor," by Tom Hayden and Carl Wittman; "The Triple Revolution"; "Prospectus for Organizing Project in Boston Suburbs"; *The Port Huron Statement*. They've been buried near the bottom of a file of documents I used to save under the catch-all heading, "Movement." The file was in a cardboard box that turned up recently among possessions I had stored in some dark cellar three moves ago. Or was it four?

It may be that re-reading the accumulated verbal effluent of a decade of social upheaval and political movement will help me make sense of the times, draw a proper analysis, develop a basis for clear prediction. We need maps. What route connects Port Huron, Woodstock and Attica? Selma, Altamont and Eleventh Street? Orangeburg, Kent State and Columbia? Where do the roads start, and where are they leading? If I were so inclined, I could spend a lifetime burrowing through these papers. There is certainly enough to read. But movements composed largely of students and intellectuals employ the typewriter and mimeograph as other movements have used the gun and bomb—for defense as well as terror; and the menacing weight of written words deflects and intimidates me.

My own approach to understanding the decadal history is, at this late date, experiential, personal, self-analytical. It's true that there are immense perils in relying on one's own life and mind as a guide to the march of time. But history, after all, is a problem of consciousness (Hegel agrees with me), and the only consciousness I know personally sees with my eyes, touches with my hands, feels with my heart. I don't want to extrapolate from my *behavior*; the action of others is far more significant, worthy, far-reaching. But my experience of history is as valid as anyone's in this world, or the Second, Third or Fourth Worlds—no more, no less—and I'm compelled to take it from there.

These musings are prompted, in part, from a careful reading of Tom Hayden's interim memoirs in *Rolling Stone* (print freaks just cannot stop reading; we need help). Hayden's survey of the New Left—ten years after he co-wrote *Port Huron*—is most real when it grows out of his own experience: the "shambles" of the Left after Chicago 1968, the fantastic logic of Weatherman after the "failure" of unarmed struggle. Hayden is at his least convincing when he fails to connect ideas with his life; for example, he attempts to fit feminism and communalism into abstract categories of thought, rather than see the actuality of those ideas in his own history at the Red Family collective. It can't be that correct ideas come from social practice only *sometimes*.

Hayden's reminiscences mean a lot to me, because he was one of a few people by, with or against whom I was "radicalized" in the mid-'60s. We all have our war stories now. I was softened up in the South of the civil rights movement—at a safe but sensitive distance. Soon thereafter, I wandered into Hayden's ghetto organizing project in the Clinton Hill section of Newark. I blanch now (so to speak) at the memory of lily-white kids "organizing" the black

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by Andrew Kopkind

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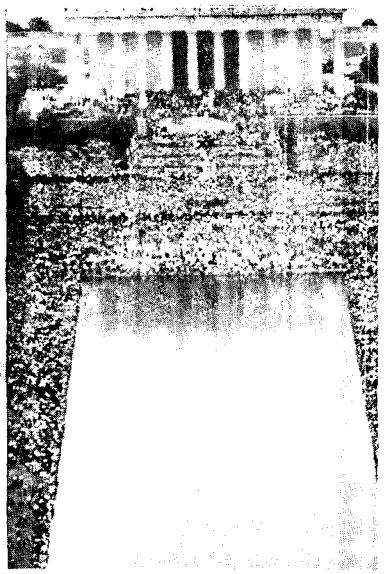
Mario Savio–Free Speech Movement MICHAEL ROSSMAN

Tom Hayden ALAN COPELAND



Washington FLIP SCHULKE/BLACK S

poor for some elusive seizure, or creation, of community power. Whatever that project didn't do for the black people of Newark, it did a lot for the white youths who went through it, saw it, heard about it. I spent a short time at the Newark project, as a well-kempt liberal journalist, in the same way that I had visited sites of other political and social "stories" I was covering. But this was no simple story: I felt things in Newark that had a strange and disruptive effect on my life. There were people very much like myself working in ways that drastically shrunk the distance between themselves and "others"–their co-workers and their community. Their commitment to a common cause cut into the loneliness of work, which I had always assumed was inevitable. The isolation I thought I'd always feel from people in another class or another race was not, after all, immutable. I had a glimpse, from a corner of my mind's eye, of how things could be different. Liberals spend their lives looking for victims whom they can pity; here were people looking for soldiers with whom they could fight. In that intense mood, I fantasized an end to alienation, despair, emptiness. I wanted to shout out loud, never go home, hug people, love everybody in Clinton Hill.

At length, of course, I went home, backsliding all the way, but I could never return completely to the mind-set of liberal journalism. Clinton Hill was always there. For many of my friends in that generation, Tom Hayden remained a touchstone in our lives. (People from SNCC tell me that they felt the same vibratory relationship with Bob Moses.) Years afterwards, when pondering a political or existential decision, I would flash on Hayden and guess what he'd say, or think, or do. I'd sometimes confuse him with Dylan (whom I've never met) in my mind: in their obviously different ways, they seemed to express the tones, shades, colors of a generational spirit that others could merely put into words.

It may be some kind of sin to personalize the process of political change; no doubt I was long ago consigned to that brim-stoned Hell where languish all bourgeois intellectuals who insist on reading history as the chronicle of their own exquisitely tortured and infinitely fascinating psyches. Would it be more correct to say that radicalization of certain middle-class youth in the '60s was occasioned by the interplay of contradictions in post-scarcity capitalist society? I've written that, and I believe it. But I have very narrow visions of history, too: fleeting shots of fears, faces, pain, insights, anger by which I can relate everyday experiences to social theory.

It took a while for "the New Left" to penetrate the popular political vocabulary, by which time it had lost most of its meaning. It's funny to hear Justice Department officials calling current radical specimens "New Leftists," in the way that stodgy newspapers still call hippy freaks "Beatniks." If the "New Left" had specific meaning as a political category, it referred to a rather small group of white and black students and post-students committed to radical Socialist reformism, who were working from about 1961 to 1966. In the history of actions, rather than conferences and manifestoes, the New Left began when Todd Gitlin and Peter Goldmark led a small delegation of Harvard students to Washington to protest John Kennedy's reckless Cold War policies and nuclear testing. The Harvard students laid a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier. Todd Gitlin now teaches in an experimental college at San Jose State; Peter Goldmark is a state welfare administrator in Massachusetts. (But what they do is not who they are.) People who say they're on the Left don't lay wreaths at the grave of the Unknown Soldier any more.

The New Left then had half a dozen foci: race relations, industrial democracy, militarism and war, educational bureaucracy, and the welfare system. It grew alongside the Kennedy/Johnson programs of managerial liberalism, and

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ft card burning WIDE WORLD *Oakland Pant* N SHA *Columbia* C MEYER/BLACK S

while it always maintained a critical distance, it had springs in many of the same places. For instance, Michael Harrington, whose popular book, *The Other America*, promoted poverty as a problem, was a leading member—and later chief—of the League for Industrial Democracy, the biologic parent of SDS.

No one in the New Left in those days had much to say about class revolution, or Third World revolution, or black revolution. Indeed, we almost entirely avoided the word "revolution." I worked for the liberal weekly magazine *The New Republic* in the mid-'60s, and I had contacts with both intellectual and activist Leftists. One of the former gave me a pre-publication copy of Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth,* and I gave it to Stokely Carmichael for review. Stokely had not yet heard of the book. He did not *write* the review. "Revolution" was still a foreign idea.

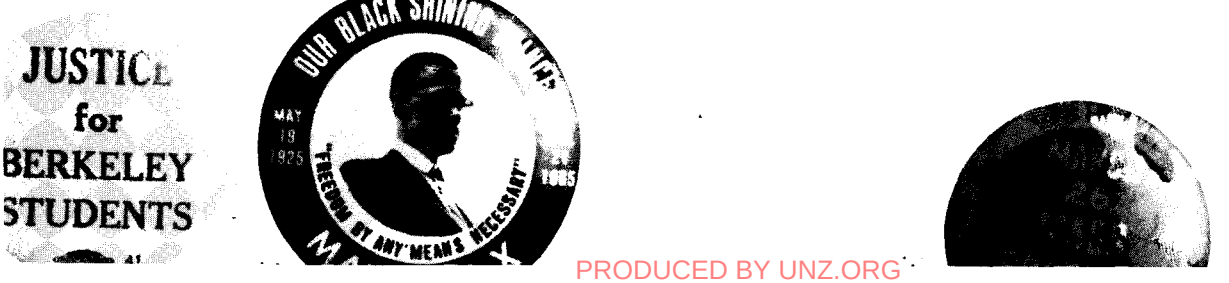
During that period, there was a recognizable, upper-case M, identifiable "Movement": a single, if shadowy, integrated political consciousness that could embrace the ideas of blacks and whites, women and men, First and Third Worlds, straights and gays, students and non-students. Only later was it obvious that the terms of that consciousness were dominated by the First World-white-straight-male-students.

Although tensions had been building for years, the first overt break in the unitary New Left Movement came with the Black Power revolt in the spring and summer of 1966. Many whites had been working with "peace candidates" in Congressional primaries that spring, and had lost touch with the Southern branch of the Movement from where most had come. Then attention shifted to the "Meredith March" in Mississippi—and the SNCC people's clenched fists. It was a decisive, definitive trauma. Abbie Hoffman wrote a kiss-off letter to his wayward black Movement comrades and published it in the *Village Voice:* good-bye you ornery ingrates. The New York white "radicals" were angry, confused, hurt.

It's easy to smile now at the naiveté of Movement whites in those years, and condemn the racism. But it was genuinely painful for whites to see their comrades depart into the murky world of segregated revolution. "Stokely's Advice"—that white radicals should organize white America to destroy racism—was wise and correct, but it did not heal the pain of lost comradeship, a common cause fragmented. The amazing integration of the SDS community organizing projects—of the Clinton Hill "community union"—was an illusion, at last, perpetrated by white kids and believed by blacks.

Similar scenarios, involving women, Third World radicals, gays, workers—and later, Left factions and sects—were enacted scores of times after the Black Power split. In each case, the dominant sector registered pain, confusion, a sense of loss; the dominated sector replied with anger, pride, confidence. In that way, the Movement became many movements, the consequences of many perceptions of evil, different classes, separate needs. The coalitions that now form on one or another issue—the war, prisons, GIs—do not have the integrated consciousness of the New Left Movement, the unifying analysis of oppression, the assumed shape of reform that emerged from Mississippi and Port Huron.

It wasn't until 1967 that many white radicals began to speak of "revolution," or "the Revolution," and the press began to treat the notion seriously, if always incredulously. The rhetorical escalation preceded—or took the place of—the establishment of any conditions that could reasonably be called revolutionary. Not that it has been a flight of fancy; but the *shape* of "revolution" in America in the last few years has never been drawn. It remains an undefined idea. The rhetoric began, I think, in response to the increased militancy of the black movement and in relation to the ties binding American radicals to "the



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erry Rubin ALAN COPELAND *San Francisco State* ALAN COPELAND

Weatherwomen's Militia BLACK

Vietnamese." (It has always been slightly off-putting to hear people speak of the NLF and the North Vietnamese as "the Vietnamese," in the same way that we speak of those who relate to movement activities as "the people.")

Tom Hayden and Staughton Lynd were the first "non-Communist" political activists to be invited to wartime Hanoi—in 1965. After that, sporadic contacts between SDS and Our Friends in Vietnam took place in hospitable quarters of the globe. Then a full-scale, sit-down, dress-up conference between New Left and NLF/North Vietnamese delegations took place in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, in September 1967.

(Other notable events occurred that summer: the first national black ghetto rebellion, sparked by Newark and Detroit; Vietnam Summer, prototype for the McCarthy and McGovern peace campaigns; the National Conference for New Politics, at which the near-Left walked out and the left-Left rejected Democratic Party coalitionism; the Back to the Drawing Boards encampment, called by early New Leftists to diagnose and prescribe for their ailing progeny, and broken up by a band of invading Summer-of-Love Diggers from the Coast; the Radicals in the Professions meetings, which planned new careers for the New Left middle class; and "Sergeant Pepper," wherein the Movement discovered dope.)

The Bratislava Conference was a lopsided affair, with responsible, well-informed Vietnamese meeting 30 friends of Tom Hayden, chosen at random. *Their* side was led by Madame Binh and Mr. Vy, now negotiators in Paris; *our* side included the usual cross-section of the movements—a few blacks and women, one verifiable Welfare Mother, Dave Dellinger, and several stoned underground-newspaper editors. Since I was travelling in the right set for all the exotic junkets, I was invited too. But much of the conference seems to me now a dim blur. I had been without sleep for three days, then there was the trans-Atlantic flight to Prague and the train to Bratislava; it took me most of the week to wake up. The one indelible memory that remains is of a private meeting with Madame Binh, on the last afternoon of the conference, just as the sun was setting on the Danube below the window of the room in the resort hotel where we talked. Madame Binh greeted me in a black *ao-dai;* her hair was pulled back tightly in the bun she always wears. Her features, framed over the long black dress, seemed even starker than usual. She had already dressed for the farewell gala that evening; she was more elegant, more dramatic than ever. We sat for an hour and talked, first in French for the small-talk, then in English and Vietnamese—interpreted—for the heavy stuff. But what was it all about? I remember only my fantasies: I was to be appointed a master spy, I was to visit the Liberated Zones, I was to receive the Revolutionary Word. None of the above happened. I did get one of those rings made of scrap aluminum from an American plane shot down over North Vietnam. But the result, of course, was that I was no longer merely "against the war," but struggling in solidarity with Vietnamese revolutionaries. Another flash: distance obliterated—struggle and liberation. Exaggerated or attenuated, that experience was replicated for many Americans in the years that followed—and reinforced for me by a visit to Hanoi in 1968. The one problem, of course, was what I, or anyone, was supposed to do with this new sense of revolutionary solidarity. Nothing that young Americans were doing (that is, nothing that seemed possible for me) seemed appropriate to the comradeship entrusted to us. And simply feeling guilty was, as people used to say, a stone drag.

With black revolution raging in America and world revolution directed against America, it was hardly possible for white radicals to think themselves anything less than revolutionaries. There was no broad base for revolution in America in the late '60s, but we acted as if there were. We still had no shape in mind: some examples, no models. But perhaps our apocalyptic prophecies would be self-fulfilling; wishing might make it so. The vast anomic suburbs, brimm-

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rnational Women's Day PHYLLIS STOFFMAN *Gay Lib* ALAN COPELAND *U.C. Berkeley* STEPHEN SHAME

ing with Marcusian contradictions, would explode any day now. Students would soon drop out of their schools and intellectuals would flee their professions *en masse* to join the revolution. Surely, someone must be organizing the working class, the blacks, the Chicanos; it would all come together.

Like many others who had experienced the history of the New Left from civil rights to community organizing to anti-war activism, I played out the last logical number on that set in Weatherland in 1969. I had missed the Chicago Democratic Days the previous year (I was in Prague again—as the Russian tanks rumbled into town), but had caught the act in Paris in May-June: a few nights in the streets, *continuez le combat,* then back to the USSA. In August there was Woodstock; in October, the Days of Rage. It seemed like two sides of the same coin. I went to Woodstock and got stoned, went to Chicago and got busted. When I had paid my fine and returned home, I joined with several other "older" political friends and formed what became known affectionately as a "geriatric Weather-symp" collective. We called ourselves the High Pressure Front. We ran in one big demonstration, performed the absolute minimum of trashing for a group of such revolutionary pretensions, and decided *not* to get any closer to the frightening center of the Weather machine.

As the organized Left split into bitterly antagonistic factions, we clung to what we felt to be the thematic heritage of the early '60s New Left, the idealistic, gentle, Dylan-singing friends who were in Newark, Cleveland's West Side project, Uptown in Chicago. Tom Hayden described his reaction to these unlikely terrorists in the *Rolling Stone* interviews:

"I respect where [Weatherman] came from. It came from experience, from a true glimpse of horror and a desire to react genuinely. Nearly every Weatherperson was a person I knew from the middle period of SDS or the early period of SDS, and I know that they experienced these things. They were not simply university intellectuals who read a book on Mao Tse-tung's thought and took off for the hills. They tried. They knocked on doors in Cleveland. That's where Terry Robbins, who now is dead, and Kathy Boudin, who now is missing, came from. They knocked on doors. They went through all the steps. They went through all the disillusionment, and they were really true children of the '60s."

All journalistic milestones are suspect, but let one stand: the Greenwich Village "townhouse" explosion, which killed three Weatherpeople, signaled the end of the logical progression of "New Left" movements. There certainly have been actions and movements since, but they seem to belong to a different progression, like animal strains descending from different ancestors. The "Kent State/Cambodia" strike, which came a few months after Eleventh Street, was enormous and somehow important, but not as a "Movement" event—rather, in spite of the movements. May Day in 1971 had overtones of the old numbers, but it was something different—a militant coalition without antecedents or consequences. Since Che uttered his famous phrase, "Dos, tres, muchos Vietnam!" the Left has suffered from repetition fallacy. Two, three, many Berkeleys; two, three, many Chicagos; two, three, many May Days. It doesn't work (Che's advice hasn't been followed very successfully, either).

The Weather Underground continued after the townhouse explosion, as active bombers for a year, then as "New Morning" culture freaks. I get excited when they pull off an action, I hope they keep at it, but I'm not sure why. I don't see where it will lead. Perhaps for everybody this is more or less a time to hold on. Coalitions form and dissolve; they make their gains, or losses, and serve to keep alive both the reality and the illusion of a Left, a movement in an ambulatory coma waiting for a revolutionary kiss to bring it to life again.

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Four More Years BOB FITCH

The mood I feel most often from people who think of themselves "in the movements" is entrenchment—not despair or surrender (although there's enough of that), but digging in. Digging into residential communities, into working places, into tolerable and tolerant jobs, into research, into hip media, into communal life, into self-understanding. Four or five years ago someone made up a series of titles for the predicament of the New Left: "From Lenin to Lennon," "From Karl Marx to Groucho," "From Base to Acid." Some of those jokes are being reversed. The generation of the '70s is not only post-Weatherman and post-Attica, but post-acid: after the Rock.

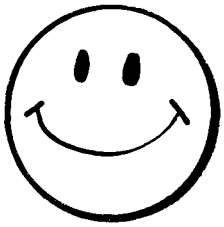
My own street fighting days were followed by total bafflement about the Left. I still went to "events," like May Day 1970 in New Haven, and the Washington "Honor America Day" Yippie freak-out and smoke-in. But I couldn't understand discussions about strategy and theory, and even the events ceased to make sense outside of the hours of action. Politics as exhilaration is nice until it ceases to be exhilarating. Soon I found myself reading mysticism instead of Marxism, breathing hallucinogenic fumes instead of tear gas, worrying about one-pointedness instead of political consciousness. Even an existence in an urban political environment became unbearable, and I slipped off to a commune in Vermont. (Consistent readers of RAMPARTS may remember that I once wrote that it was more revolutionary, on a farm, to keep pigs than to off them; it is a notion I do not entirely reject, though I am safely re-urbanized.)

Communal life-arrangements are probably as transitory as any others of this era, but they do push forward an aspect of the movements of the '60s that was neglected after Weatherman: the way in which people can understand the power they exert over their fellows. That had been a central issue in the crack-up of the New Left, but it was never successfully resolved. Weather collectives made a daring (and somewhat disastrous) attempt to reduce so radically the distance between their members that a group could operate as a single organism. When I first had seen Weatherpeople moving in a crowd—as the Chicago Conspiracy trial opened in late September 1969—I was amazed at the obvious lines of unspoken communication that passed between members. It was as if they were carrying spirit walkie-talkies to keep in touch. As it turned out, much of that closeness was based on guilt-tripping, gut-checking and power-laying, and the Weather collectives fell under the weight of un-collectivized egos.

But from that time, less hectic communal and collective styles developed, in which the elements of power and the aspects of ego could be contested. At our rural commune there was as much talk about sex roles and life-definitions as there was about farming. It snowed a great deal that first winter in Vermont (coldest in the century, the snowplow driver said) and we spent most of it talking around the woodstove: about who we were, and how we knew each other, and how we made our demands known and our needs felt. City folks would sometimes come up for R and R and after a few hours of chit-chat tell us we were immoral for isolating ourselves in woodland retreats while workers, black people, prisoners, Vietnamese . . . All true, but at that time beside the point. There *was* no point in running in circles for the wretched of the earth. That kind of course did nobody any good. It is useless to pretend that we can deal with social class if we do not comprehend the feelings engendered by privilege; or deal with sexism if we cannot feel the pain of sexual oppression; or organize others if we can only hear ourselves talk.

I find myself back in a city, going to demonstrations, writing, poking around organizing projects, hoping. The New Left and the movements that it spawned did not change America—yet—in most of the ways it would have wanted; but it did provide the groundwork for a culture in which its members could exist. Life in that culture is not entirely satisfactory, which encourages us to perfect it. There is an infrastructure of institutions based on Left consciousness which lets us do that work: media, political organizations, educational institutions, living places. We have our own Underground to enliven our dreary days with fantasies. We know we're real because we are being repressed, harassed, hounded. But not so much that we will disappear. People wait for a new organization, a pre-party, a party—to appear, as the strikers waited for Lefty, or as they waited for Godot.

Dialectics, at least, denies nostalgia: it's not the '50s because it cannot be. It feels to me like a waiting time, and although suspension is a form of torture, there's not much to be done but to get into it. Having finished with the politics of fantasy and having rejected the politics of despair, the only prospect now is hope. ■



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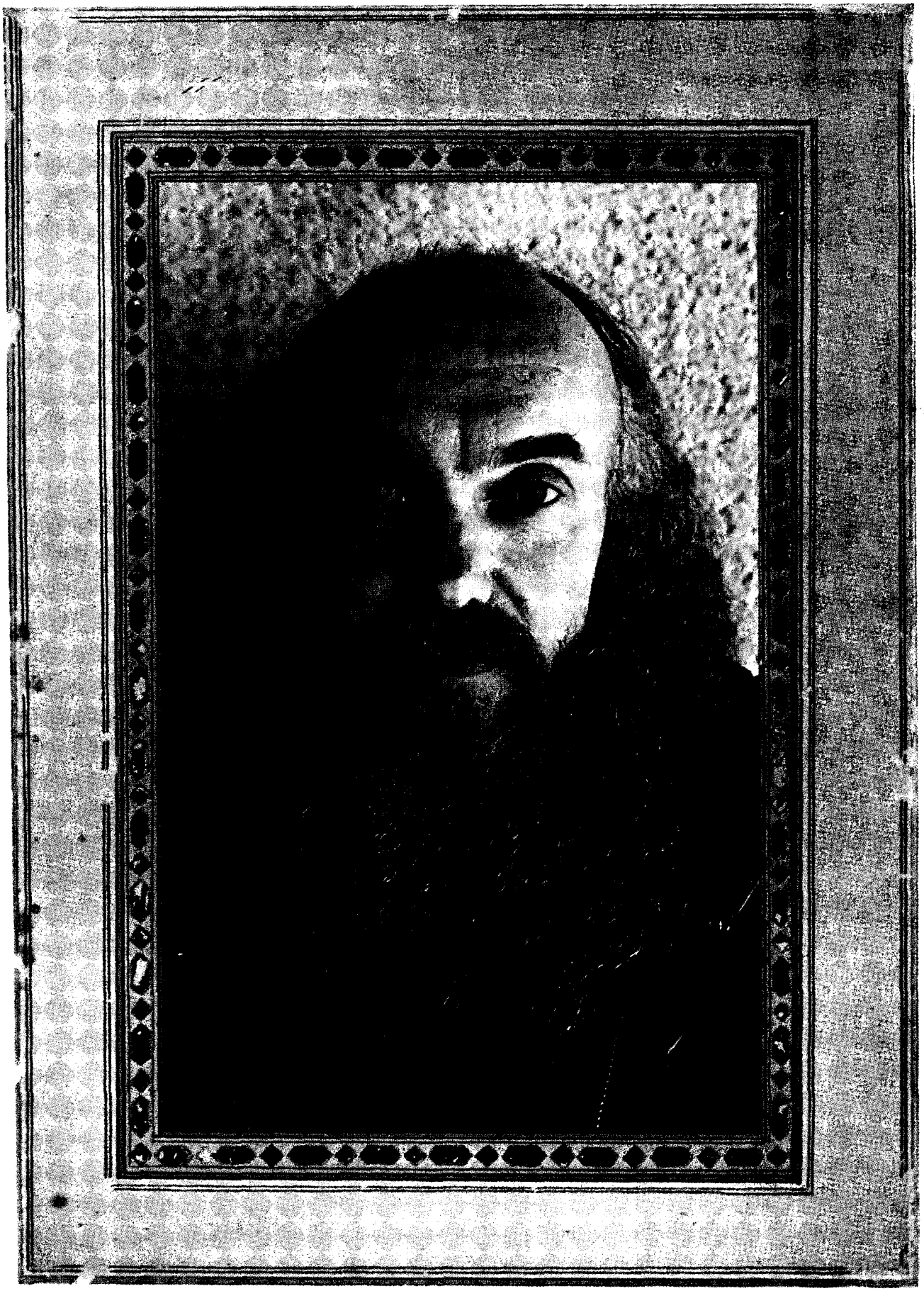

TRIAL

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BABA RAM DASS

The Metamorphic Journey of Richard Alpert

Traveling where the saints have trod
Over to the old golden land
—Incredible String Band

On a sunny May afternoon, a 41-year-old man with long, wiry, graying hair emerged from the Boston International Arrivals Terminal carrying a suitcase full of Indian silks and an unwieldy, bowl-shaped instrument called a tamboura. Tall and light of step, he wore a sweater and bell bottom slacks, and his face shone with healthy color. He hesitated at the door to the waiting room, for in his head was flickering an extraordinary film: a film in which he saw himself swallowed by a living wave of white-robed bodies, strangled by hugs, and suffocated by a hail of flowers, grapes and mangos. For the man was Baba Ram Dass, formerly Dr. Richard Alpert, returning to the United States after a year and a half in India, his second journey to the East.

During his absence from this country, a book he had written, *Be Here Now,* had been published in paperback and sold 200,000 copies. That is twice the trade most bestsellers do, although the book was not promoted and never acknowledged by any national publication. Tapes of his lectures had been played on radio stations, and transcripts were printed in underground papers and scholarly journals. For a year, Ram Dass had been receiving about 100 letters a week, asking and begging for his attention and advice.

A week after his return, Ram Dass reflected, "I was afraid of the karma I had brought on myself with that book, afraid of the numbers that were going to overwhelm me. So I put off coming home, and hung around England for six weeks. I felt I wasn't ready to wrestle with fame and power." Finally he cabled his father that he was on his way to Boston. "I got to the airport all prepared for some Frank Sinatra hysteria scene, and there was nobody there. Nobody! My father was out of town and didn't get the cable." Ram Dass took a bus into the city, checked his tamboura and wandered around "really digging this total reversal of my expectations."

Had he sent word of his arrival to a few strategic people, there indeed would have been throngs at the airport, and I might have been among them. I had read *Be Here Now* in 1971 and was interested in meeting the author. Although I had had many opportunities to see the folly of this impulse, there, nevertheless, it was: if I could just talk to Ram Dass, get near enough and ask the right questions, certain mysteries and doubts might be resolved.

The concepts Ram Dass expressed matched suspicions I had long held but never fully trusted. What hit the strongest chord was his assertion that one could hold all the keys to the kingdom—money, power, beauty, achievement—and still not be happy, still have an unsatisfied gnawing in the gut: "It's not enough." You might want success in a project, or a trip to South America, or a house in the country, and as soon as you get it, you find yourself wanting something else.

Most of us, he said, spend the first part of our lives living in the future and the rest living in the past. In order to live in the moment, totally fulfilled, one must be free of attachment to those unending desires. We have all had tastes of the here-and-now experience: sailing on a perfect summer day, or sitting with a group of especially close friends, when there is an absence of wanting, of needing anything more. For a fragment of time, we're not worrying about past troubles, or planning what to do when the boat docks or the friends leave. We are, briefly, outside time, outside desire. And by "working on yourself," Ram Dass said, one can progress toward inhabiting that state more frequently.

I made inquiries about interviewing Ram Dass, for habitually, whenever I have wanted to pursue an interest, I've found a way to make a work project out of it. He was back in India, and when I met him a year later, his tuning had subtly changed. The stakes in his game had been jacked up since the last round. He was headed for the gap across which lies sainthood, or psychosis—whatever you want to call it—a state beyond the range of perceiving we consensually call normality.

One of the first things he said was, "I'm living in a totally psychotic space now, because in my universe there's only one other being besides me and it's God. All day long I'm constantly talking to Him. That's clearly not a sane statement in the Western rational model." He said he sensed in India the profundity of the surrender required, "the power of the death, the true death of the ego. I had figured I could go through the whole transformation without ever missing a step. But you can't take any personality baggage with you. Whoever is left of the old separate being has to die. It feels as if something irrevocable has happened and my faith is not quite shakeable anymore. My relationship to my guru and through him feels somewhat beyond the pale."

Because of this faith, he no longer needs to wear white garments and holy beads, or set up a little altar wherever he goes with his books, candles and pictures of saints. "I don't need the physical reminders for fear I'll go under." Neither does he need to persuade or teach anyone. He will avoid public activities, speaking to large groups and "playing the holy man so much. I'm just going to be another guy and hang out."

So once again, the master metamorphosist has pulled his disappearing

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by Sara Davidson

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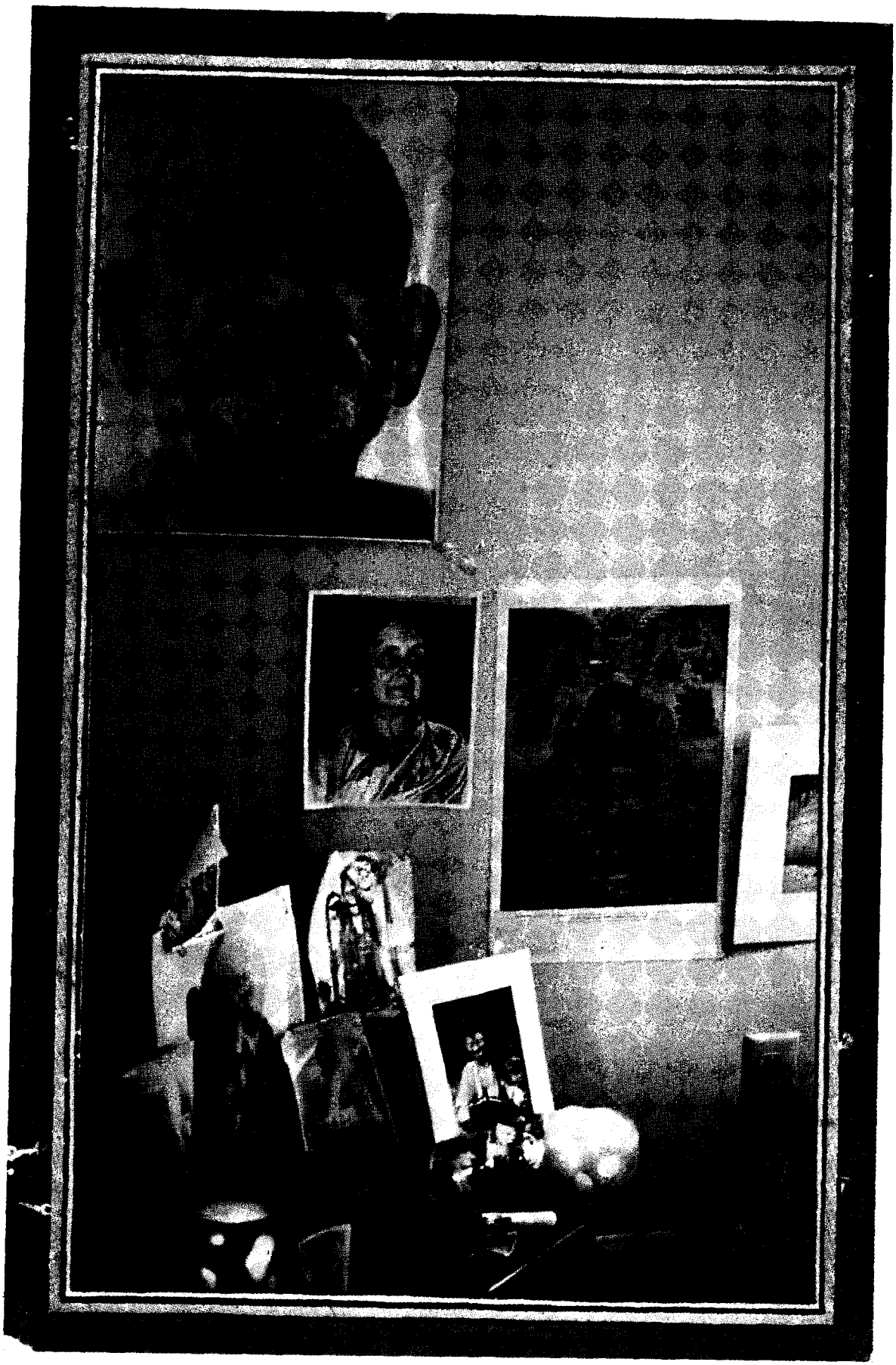

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trick. Ram Dass said, "I see my value at this moment as symbolic: somebody who was a psychology professor, was a drug person, and is still all but primarily none of those anymore; somebody who was an Indian student but is not primarily that now either. By changing form, I can help people get the essence of the thing without getting caught in the form. That's really the fun, because they'll say, 'I thought you were –!' and I'll say, who was that? You were focusing on the wrong thing, it's just that I was wearing a brown jacket yesterday." He laughs. "When expectations are broken, people grow."

Ram Dass once said he felt "blessed by having been given everything that Western society could offer: affluence, lots of love, the best education, and the fruits of advanced technology, including drugs, the best drugs. All that was part of my preparation to now know something else." The affluence came from his father, George, a dignified, Republican financier-philanthropist, who was president of the New Haven Railroad and helped found Brandeis University.

When Ram Dass talks about Richard Alpert, he tends to paint him, often hilariously, as a tormented, miserable wretch. But those who knew him as a student and later at Millbrook say he was always warm and charismatic, with an infectious sense of humor and zest. David McClelland, a psychology professor for whom Alpert worked at Harvard, says he was an excellent and ambitious scholar, who gained rank with rare speed. "No one observing him would have known about the inner anxiety, and he didn't talk about it."

At Harvard, Alpert taught psychology and practiced psychotherapy. He flew his own plane, collected antiques, cars, a sailboat and scuba-diving equipment. Although he had spent five years in psychoanalysis, he says, he was tense and suffered diarrhea every time he lectured. He drank heavily and was a closet homosexual, "living with a man and a woman at the same time in two different parts of the city–a nightmare of hypocrisy." He looked at his colleagues on the A team at Harvard and saw that none seemed fulfilled or content. He feared he himself would wake up 40 years later no less neurotic or more wise, and he panicked. "I thought, the best thing I can do is go back into psychoanalysis. But then I started to have doubts about the analyst. Is his life enough? Whose life is? Who's saying, right, it's enough?"

He was, at this time, an atheist, and had difficulty even pronouncing "spiritual." But on March 5, 1961, a tab of psilocybin was to blow out all the old holding pegs. One of his faculty drinking buddies, Timothy Leary, had started a research project with mind-altering drugs, allegedly to explore their potential benefit for criminals, addicts and sick people. Alpert was brought in as the steadying influence, to control Leary's wild flights and keep the research within respectable scientific bounds. But the first time Alpert took psilocybin with Leary, he discovered an exalted place inside himself where an "I" existed, an essence deeper than his social and physical identity, a steady center unaffected by the play of time. And this "I" was all-knowing. The more drug trips he took, the more he trusted the inner voice, and the less reinforcement he needed from the environment. In 1963, when he and Leary were fired from Harvard in a ritual of public exorcism, they barely broke stride; moving to Millbrook, New York, they set up the Castalia Foundation to study the mystic aspects of drugs. They created the word "psychedelic"–mind revealing–and for seven years used their bodies as test chambers to discover a permanent route to higher consciousness. They took new drugs as fast as they were invented, but each seemed to have built into it a crash back to the ordinary waking swamp.

By 1967 Alpert was in a state of despair the dimensions of which must have been truly hideous. He had cut all his lifelines and was adrift in the midst of nowhere. He could not go back to the straight world, and after hundreds of acid visions, neither he nor anyone knew how to make constructive use of the experience.

His mother died early in the year, and when a friend invited him to travel across India, he accepted–not in hope of learning anything but because, oh well, what else? He watched the countryside go by and his depression never lifted. Then, in Katmandu, a chance encounter with a gigantic, blond, 23-year-old American boy led him to an ashram in the Himalaya where he met his guru, Maharaji (a title meaning Great King).

For each of us, it probably takes a certain kind of jolt to break the shackles of absolute faith in the rational mind. For Alpert, it was meeting a twinkly, fat, old man wrapped in a blanket, who immediately told him exactly how his mother had died, and indicated that he knew everything in Alpert's head. At first, Alpert says, his mind raced to come up with an explanation. Then, like a computer fed an insoluble problem, "my mind just gave up. It burned out its circuitry." There was a violent wrenching in his chest and an outpouring of tears. "All I could say was it felt like I was home. The journey was over."

I have heard an assortment of rumors about Ram Dass and they all center on what "really happened" in India. According to various, comically murky sources: Alpert was on morphine; Bhagwan Dass was on heroin; Alpert followed Bhagwan Dass because he was sexually attracted to him; Alpert never went barefoot; Alpert spoke constantly about his mother and it would have been no feat for the guru to pick up the vibe. The need for these rumors is puzzling, because the undeniable fact is that *something* happened in India and Alpert came back transformed.

In his book, he describes studying yoga in the Temple of Hanuman, the Hindu monkey God who exemplifies the perfect servant. Dass means servant, so Ram Dass, the name Alpert was given, means servant of Ram, or God, as Ram was one of the incarnations of the God Vishnu, the preserver, Baba means father, and is a term of endearment and respect.

Alpert followed a ritual of study, meditation, a cold bath at 4 a.m., vegetarian diet, exercise, breathing and cleansing practices. He vowed sexual continence, and for six months he was silent, using chalk and a slate to communicate. As a result of not speaking or expending sexual energy for so long, when he returned to this country he was like a spring uncoiling with tremendous force. He met with

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Baba Ram Dass and Bhagwan Dass

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Tim Leary in San Francisco, who suggested he simply hadn't finished with his sexual trip. "If you're turning all of your energies into your own being, it becomes autoerotic, masturbation."

Alpert laughed, and later told an interviewer, "I haven't cured my neurosis, I just got bored with it. For 15 years I was basically homosexual. Psychoanalysis improved my relations with women but it didn't wipe out the homosexual desires. Drugs did a lot more, because with drugs, it was obvious that, biologically, this was not the way God meant it. So I became sort of even, bisexual. When the spiritual trip took over, the importance of the whole issue started to fall away. The new dimension made it irrelevant."

In 1968, Maharaji told Ram Dass to return to the United States for a brief time. He arrived in Boston barefoot, all in white, with beads and a beard. According to Ram Dass, his father told him to get in the car quick, "before anybody sees you." His father listened to the stories about India, and liked to have Ram Dass perform for his friends. On cue, he would say, "I don't understand a word of it, but if he's doing it, it's OK with me." Ironically, he saw the holy man routine as a harmless relief after his son's hoary plunge into drugs. He took to calling him Rum Dum, while his oldest son, a stock broker, referred to the "aging hippie" as Rammed Ass.

Moving into a cabin behind the main house in New Hampshire, Ram Dass fixed his rice and tea, read and meditated. The first time he drove into town for groceries, he passed two young men with long hair. Feeling high and divine, he waved joyously. When they didn't wave back, he thought, "See! Here you are, filled with loving thoughts and thinking everybody must love you in return. That's another kind of ego trip. Those kids think you're crazy. So cool it out, Ram Dass."

When he emerged from the store, the two young men and three others were waiting. One approached hesitantly, and Ram Dass said to himself, "Ah, I shouldn't have doubted! Of course he saw the love." Then he waited, reverently, for the boy's opening words.

"Are you the new connection?"

Ram Dass stood still. Recalling the incident later, he said, "I saw it all—a strange man with a beard, driving a Cadillac. What else could I be? I waited in the peace within for the answer to arise. At length it came. I said: 'I am not that kind of connection.' "

The next day, the five young men appeared outside Ram Dass' cabin. They brought friends who brought friends, and by the end of the summer, there were more than 200. Ram Dass said he was a beginner on the path and not a model for others, but kids found that after sitting with him for an hour, they felt stoned, blissed out, and they hadn't even smoked! They concluded, understandably, "If I just do whatever this guy does I can get what he has." So Ram Dass taught them mantras, holy songs, how to meditate, how to set up a puja table or altar in their home, and how to develop a witness, an observing mechanism in the mind that watches everything go by without judging. The young people began using the Indian greeting, *Namasté,* which means, I salute the light within you.

In the fall, Ram Dass gave a four-hour talk called "The Transformation of a Man" at the Bucks County, Pennsylvania, Seminar House. The Pacifica Radio network broadcast a tape of it, and Ram Dass hit the lecture circuit.

For his evening appearances, he sat on a stage surrounded by flowers and incense, played the tamboura, and sang to Ram; after a tantalizingly pregnant silence, he would speak. His message was ever so gentle. He would run down Buddha's Four Noble Truths and have the audience laughing all the way. The first truth, he said, is that all life is suffering, because it's in time. "Birth, death, not getting what you want, even getting what you want means suffering because you're going to lose it, in time."

The second truth is that the cause of suffering is desire, or attachment. "If you don't try to hold on, you don't suffer over the loss. So the third truth is: give up attachment, give up desire, you end the suffering, you end the whole thing that keeps you stuck."

The fourth truth is Buddha's eightfold method for giving up attachment, which Ram Dass summarizes in the phrase "work on yourself." And what a felicitous phrase for American ears. It echoes the ideals we've been urged to believe in all our lives: the virtue of self improvement; the wisdom of doing what the syndicated lady problem-solvers tell their readers to do, no matter what the trouble—"Look to yourself." But those who listened closely to Ram Dass sensed that he meant something quite different from Dale Carnegie, for his kind of self work leads ultimately to the end of the self as we know it—the ego.

The notion of destroying the ego is scary because we tend to think that if there is no ego, there is nobody to be conscious of anything, and so we no longer exist. But if you can conceive of yourself as a spark of divine essence, a bit of life force, which is being expressed through your thoughts, feelings, body and behavior but is not seated in any of those, then you are open to what Ram Dass suggests: "a complete perceptual reorganization of who I am. I am without form, without limits, beyond space and time. I am light, love, consciousness, energy. It's a hard one. I'm still doing it."

In this framework, the ego is only a surface casing; all the searing emotions which seem to lie deep within you are but twitches in that outermost crust. "It's interesting, because as a psychologist I always treated the personality as real and terribly serious. That's what the whole growth movement, the encounter thing, all of western psychology does. But it's not real, it's all just stuff. Pain, pleasure, anger, guilt—they're only mind moments, and there's always a new moment.

Even the mind is not really you. "*Cogito ergo sum* is a lie. *We* exist behind our thinking." Ram Dass says there are other ways of knowing besides through the senses and the mind, and quotes Albert Einstein as stating: "I did not arrive at my scientific discoveries through my rational mind." The other way of knowing is intuitive, subjective, and requires transcending the rational mind. The mind must be transcended because it works in time, and can only think with an object.

"The place we're aiming for—Heliopolis, highsville—is outside time, and there is no subject-object. There is no knower who knows a thing, no experiencer having an experience. The knower *is* the knowledge, the experiencer is one with the experience.

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Ram Dass and friends in the Himalaya

That's why they say LSD is a false *samadhi,* because there's still an experiencer. The drug doesn't kill the ego. If it were a real *samadhi, you* wouldn't come back."

The trick, though, is that when you do reach the end of the line, you're exactly where you started, but everything is in different perspective. When you give up your attachment, your anxious need, for money or power or sex, then you're free to make money, wield power and have sex. When you transcend your mind, you still use your mind, but it's a servant, not your master. When you crack the ego and feel your personality as completely unreal, you don't lose your personality. All holy men have distinct personalities. But you no longer identify with that personality.

At the end of his talks, Ram Dass always told people that whatever course they were following was perfect, because "it's all predetermined anyway. The very moment you wake up is determined. There are no accidents in this business. The guru is inside you, you don't have to go to India. The next message you need is always right where you are."

Ram Dass returned to India in November of 1970. The book was being hand-lettered at the Lama Foundation, a spiritual commune in New Mexico, to which he had assigned all rights and royalties.

There were also, by this time, more than 160 hours of Ram Dass tapes in circulation. WBAI in New York played them through 1971, and that summer, a group of listeners formed a meditation group in which Hilda Charlton, a woman who had been seeking God for many years, became spiritual leader. Meanwhile, rumors flew back from India: Ram Dass was coming home in December, January, February, never. His head was changing. He would not teach or give interviews anymore. I decided to write him, telling him about myself and my interest in an article.

He answered last March, saying he would be in America soon and we might "share a moment." If writing an article brings you closer to God, he said, "it is good *sadhana* (spiritual work), which is all there really is. Your letter felt good—so it all seems OK. You can keep contact through Marty Malles in Brooklyn."

I called Marty Malles, and we had a strange conversation in which I spent the first half stammering and the second half laughing with him. He said he was 34, a salesman of ladies' underwear, and had just been to India with his wife and two children on his annual three-week vacation. He had been following Ram Dass since 1969, and Maharaji was now his guru. "You're calling because Maharaji sent you to us. Maharaji shines through Ram Dass. Maharaji wrote that book, and if it touches you it's because Maharaji loves you."

He asked me to come to the meditation group. I walked into the apartment on Riverside Drive, found the usual jumble of shoes by the door and about 70 people sitting in near darkness reciting "Affirmations:" "I am God's perfect child, I am free, I am

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free, I am free." On a corner table were pictures of Ram Dass, Christ, Maharaji, Sathya Sai Baba, Pir Vilayat Kahn, and Hilda herself. "My God," I thought. "These people are serious."

They began to sing "Praise be to Jesus," and I recoiled. Seventeen years of Jewish cultural conditioning had given me no faith in God or reverence for the Hebrew tradition, but it had left me with a visceral antipathy to Christ. With each chorus, the group substituted the name of another saint, and when it came to praising Ram Dass, I found myself joining in. Marty led a meditation, there was singing, ever more joyous, and when the lights came on, everyone was in each other's arms.

I went regularly to the meditations, and for long periods, forgot that I had originally come there on business—to get to Ram Dass. Then a report would filter in about Ram Dass' whereabouts and shock me into a state of confusion. I was not sure, anymore, why I was so compelled to reach him.

One Friday in May Marty came to pick me up for the meditation. As we were walking out the door, I said casually, "I bet he's in Boston right now." Marty went to the phone and dialed George Alpert's number. Ram Dass answered the phone.

"Hi!" he said, in that buoyant voice I recognized from the tapes. "Did you finish your article?"

"No, I haven't started it yet. I'd really like to talk to you."

"Well," he said, "I don't know where I'll be from moment to moment. I'm not living in time."

"Could I come see you in Boston?"

"You could," he said, "but you might get here and not find me, and you'd have a round trip to New England."

I said that wouldn't bother me, but I had heard he might want privacy and I didn't want to intrude.

There was a long pause, and then Ram Dass said: "If you can find me, you can have me."

I was on the first shuttle flight the next morning. It was pouring rain when the taxi dropped me at the orange brick townhouse. I pressed the buzzer and shouted through the intercom, "Is Ram Dass there?" I heard muffled voices: "Oh what, Sara, New York, groan—just a minute." Phyllis Alpert, George's second wife, answered the door in a pink housecoat. It was just after nine, a Saturday morning, and I had woken everybody up. I sat alone in the immaculate living room. After some time Ram Dass appeared, put his hands in the temple pose and nodded. "I took you at your word," I said.

I sensed in him an openness, an almost palpable receptivity, yet there was also a kind of crystalline sternness. He went to the kitchen to brew Indian tea. "How does it feel to be back?" I asked. "I can only think about the tea now, unless you want a superficial answer."

He brought out the tea on a silver tray and took me to the back room. "This is where I hang out." It was a cozy, well-appointed study, with an oriental rug, a wall of dark wood bookcases, a white fireplace with fluted columns and cherubs, and a gold velvet convertible sofa on which the bedclothes were left as Ram Dass had climbed out of them shortly before. We sat on cushions on the floor. There was a damp chill, and Ram Dass, wearing pants and a tunic of thin white material, put on a jaunty, plaid, Scottish wool cap, and wrapped himself in a mohair blanket. He was much taller than I had envisioned—about 6'2". His crown is bald, but from the sides and back of his head and from his face, hair sprouts in a wildly capricious assortment of lengths. His blue eyes, fixed unshakeably on me, were open so wide they seemed more vertical than horizontal.

I told him I had been asking myself why I had pursued him so singlepointedly, and it became clear that I was to try to write something. I had questions to ask which he could answer or not. He nodded. It was all so easy. "You have me. Go ahead."

He picked up the tamboura and sang devotional songs, ending with "Sri Ram." After a silence, he opened his eyes; I turned on the tape recorder. I asked what being with Maharaji this time had meant to him. "Wow. I'm speechless." He shook his head and thought a few minutes. "I went back to India with the fantasy that I would be going back in, that I had been out in the world, the marketplace, and now I was going back to the cave to recharge." He laughed softly. "Maharaji knocked that into a cocked hat. In a year and a half in India, he allowed me exactly 11 days when I was not surrounded by Westerners, doing the same thing I do in America. You see, when I was speaking and running ashrams in New Hampshire, all the people who gathered wanted me to help them with their trips. So for like 19 hours a day, I was rushing around being there for everybody, and I started to feel starved to death because nobody wanted *me*. They wanted *it* but not me, and I was starving and I rebelled. I got to hate them all because they were my murderers. So I went to India thinking, now I'm going to get away from them all, and preserve my ego in a cave. Far out. Can you hear that inversion? But lots of them followed me there, and every time I tried to be alone, Maharaji would send huge numbers after me: 'Go be with Ram Dass. Ram Dass is your guru, he'll help you.' Like, kill him, kill him faster!

"It was an incredible period, the longest I've ever gone through with no conceptual understanding of what's happening to me. Because I'm so good at describing things, but Maharaji's so far out I can't even find him! At moments he seems like a bungling old fool. Other times he's a wizard, he's divine, or he's just a nice teacher. Every time I label him he immediately crashes the label."

On his first visit, he said, the guru had been a remote, loving presence; this time he did more direct, intensive teaching. "He took me through fierce trips about anger, jealousy, sex, greed, and attachment to the physical body. I saw that my bonds to him were much deeper than I had planned them to be. It was as if I had surrendered more, so the next level of operation could take place."

At their first meeting, Maharaji asked Ram Dass why he had come back to India. Ram Dass said because he was not pure enough. "I asked him for only one thing, one boon—that I could be pure enough to be an instrument of his service. I said I don't want to be enlightened, I just want to be pure enough to do whatever work I'm supposed to do. He gave me a mango to eat, hit me on the head and said, 'You will be.' "

(Continued on page 62)

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Kurt Vonnegut's

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This book is my fiftieth birthday present to myself. I feel as though I am crossing the spine of a roof–having ascended one slope.

I am programmed at fifty to perform childishly–to insult "The Star-Spangled Banner," to scrawl pictures of a Nazi flag and an asshole and a lot of other things with a felt-tipped pen. To give an idea of the maturity of my illustrations for this book, here is my picture of an asshole.

I think I am trying to clear my head of all the junk in there–the assholes, the flags, the underpants. Yes–there is a picture in this book of underpants. I'm throwing out characters from my other books, too. I'm not going to put on any more puppet shows.

I think I am trying to make my head as empty as it was when I was born onto this damaged planet fifty years ago.

I suspect that this is something most white Americans, and nonwhite Americans who imitate white Americans, should do. The things other people have put into my *head, at any rate, do not fit together nicely, are often useless and ugly, are out of proportion with one another, are out of proportion with life as it really is outside my head.*

I have no culture, no humane harmony in my brains. I can't live without a culture anymore.

So this book is a sidewalk strewn with junk, trash which I throw over my shoulders as I travel in time back to November eleventh, nineteen hundred and twenty-two.

I will come to a time in my backwards trip when November 11th, accidentally my birthday, was a sacred day called Armistice Day. *When I was a boy, and when Dwayne Hoover was a boy, all the people of all the nations which had fought in the First World War were silent during the 11th minute of the 11th hour of Armistice Day, which was the 11th day of the 11th month.*

It was during that minute in nineteen hundred and eighteen that millions upon millions of human beings stopped butchering one another. I have talked to old men who were on battlefields during that minute. They have told me in one way or another that the sudden silence was the Voice of God. So we still have among us some men who can remember when God spoke clearly to mankind.

Armistice Day has become Veterans' Day. Armistice Day was sacred. Veterans' Day is not.

So I will throw Veterans' Day over my shoulder. Armistice Day I will keep. I don't want to throw away any sacred things.

What else is sacred? Oh, Romeo and Juliet, *for instance. And all music is.*

From the novel Breakfast of Champions by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., to be published in May 1973 by Delacorte Press and Seymour Lawrence Books.

Dwayne Hoover got through lunch all right that day. He remembered now about Hawaiian Week. The ukeleles and so on were no longer mysterious. The pavement between his automobile agency and the new Holiday Inn was no longer a trampoline.

He drove to lunch alone in an air-conditioned demonstrator, a blue Pontiac *Le Mans* with a cream interior, with his radio on. He heard several of his own radio commercials, which drove home the point: "You can always trust Dwayne."

Though his mental health had improved remarkably since breakfast, a new symptom of illness made itself known. It was incipient echolalia. Dwayne found himself wanting to repeat out loud whatever had just been said.

So, when the radio told him, "You can always trust Dwayne," he echoed the last word. "Dwayne," he said.

When the radio said there had been a tornado in Texas, Dwayne said this out loud: "Texas."

Then he heard that husbands of women who had been raped during the war between India and Pakistan wouldn't have anything to do with their wives anymore. The women, in the eyes of their husbands, had become *unclean,* said the radio.

"Unclean," said Dwayne.

As for Wayne Hoobler, the black ex-convict whose only dream was to work for Dwayne Hoover: he had learned to play hide-and-seek with Dwayne's employees. He did not wish to be ordered off the property for hanging around the used cars. So, when an employee came near, Wayne would wander off to the garbage and trash area behind the Holiday Inn, and gravely study the remains of club sandwiches and empty packs of Salem cigarettes and so on in the cans back there, as though he were a health inspector or some such thing.

When the employee went away, Wayne would drift back to the used cars, keeping the boiled egg of his eyes peeled for the real Dwayne Hoover.

The real Dwayne Hoover, of course, had in effect denied that he was Dwayne. So, when the real Dwayne came out at lunch time, Wayne, who had nobody to talk to but himself, said this to himself: "That ain't Mr. Hoover. Sure *look* like Mr. Hoover, though. Maybe Mr. Hoover sick today." And so on.

Dwayne had a hamburger and French fries and a coke at his newest Burger Chef, which was out on Crestview Avenue across the street from where the new John F. Kennedy High School was going up. John F. Kennedy had never been in Midland City, but he was a President of the United States who was shot to death. Presidents of the country are often shot to death. The assassins were confused by some of the same bad chemicals which troubled Dwayne.

Dwayne certainly wasn't alone, as far as having bad chemicals inside of him was concerned. He had plenty of company throughout all history. In his own lifetime, for instance, the people in a country called Germany were so full of bad chemicals for a while that they actually built factories whose only purpose was to kill people by the millions. The people were delivered by railroad trains.

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When the Germans were full of bad chemicals, their flag looked like this:

Here is what their flag looked like after they got well again:

After they got well again, they manufactured a cheap and durable automobile which became popular all over the world, especially among young people. It looked like this:

People called it "the beetle." A real beetle looked like this:

The mechanical beetle was made by Germans. The real beetle was made by the Creator of the Universe.

Dwayne's waitress at the Burger Chef was a seventeen-year-old white girl named Patty Keene. Her hair was yellow. Her eyes were blue. She was very old for a mammal. Most mammals were senile or dead by the time they were seventeen. But Patty was a sort of mammal which developed very slowly, so that the body she rode around in was only now mature.

She was a brand-new adult, who was working in order to pay off the tremendous doctors' and hospital bills her father had run up in the process of dying of cancer of the colon and then cancer of the everything.

This was in a country where everybody was expected to pay his own bills for everything, and one of the most expensive things a person could do was get sick. Patty Keene's father's sickness cost ten times as much as all the trips to Hawaii which Dwayne was going to give away at the end of Hawaiian Week.

Dwayne appreciated Patty Keene's brand-newness, even though he was not sexually attracted to women that young. She was like a new automobile, which hadn't even had its radio turned on yet, and Dwayne was reminded of a ditty his father would sing sometimes when his father was drunk. It went like this:

Roses are red,
And ready for plucking.
You're sixteen,
And ready for high school.

Patty Keene was stupid on purpose, which was the case with most women in Midland City. The women all had big minds because they were big animals, but they did not use them much for this reason: unusual ideas could make enemies, and the women, if they were going to achieve any sort of comfort and safety, needed all the friends they could get.

So, in the interests of survival, they trained themselves to be agreeing machines instead of thinking machines. All their minds had to do was to discover what other people were thinking, and then they thought that, too.

Patty knew who Dwayne was. Dwayne didn't know who Patty was. Patty's heart beat faster when she waited on him—because Dwayne could solve so many of her problems with the money and power he had. He could give her a fine house and new automobiles and nice clothes and a life of leisure, and he could pay all the medical bills—as easily as she had given him his hamburger and his French fries and his coke.

Dwayne could do for her what the Fairy Godmother did for Cinderella, if he wanted to, and Patty had never been so close to such a magical person before. She was in the presence of the supernatural. And she knew enough about Midland City and herself to understand that she might never be this close to the supernatural ever again.

Patty Keene actually imagined Dwayne's waving a magic wand at her troubles and dreams. It looked like this:

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

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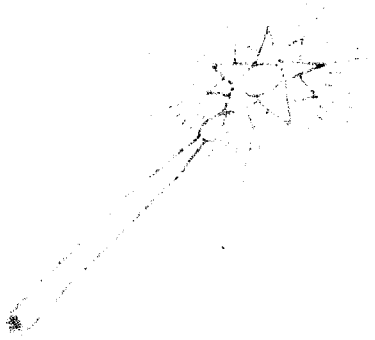

She spoke up bravely, to learn if supernatural assistance was possible in her case. She was willing to do without it, expected to do without it—to work hard all her life, to get not much in return, and to associate with other men and women who were poor and powerless, and in debt. She said this to Dwayne:

"Excuse me for calling you by name, Mr. Hoover, but I can't help knowing who you are, with your pictures in all your ads and everything. Besides—everybody else who works here told me who you were. When you came in, they just buzzed and buzzed."

"Buzzed," said Dwayne. This was his echolalia again.

I guess that isn't the right word," she said. She was used to apologizing for her use of language. She had been encouraged to do a lot of that in school. Most white people in Midland City were insecure when they spoke, so they kept their sentences short and their words simple, in order to keep embarrassing mistakes to a minimum. Dwayne certainly did that. Patty certainly did that.

This was because their English teachers would wince and cover their ears and give them flunking grades and so on whenever they failed to speak like English aristocrats before the First World War. Also: they were told that they were unworthy to speak or write their language if they couldn't love or understand incomprehensible novels and poems and plays about people long ago and far away, such as *Ivanhoe.*

The black people would not put up with this. They went on talking English every *which* way. They refused to read books they couldn't understand—on the grounds that they couldn't understand them. They would ask such impudent questions as, "Whuffo I want to read no *Tale of Two Cities?* Whuffo?"

Patty Keene flunked English during the semester when she had to read and appreciate *Ivanhoe,* which was about men in iron suits and the women who loved them. And she was put in a remedial reading class, where they made her read *The Good Earth,* which was about Chinamen.

It was during this same semester that she lost her virginity. She was raped by a white gas-conversion unit installer named Don Breedlove in the parking lot outside the Bannister Memorial Fieldhouse at the County Fairgrounds after the Regional High School Basketball Playoffs. She never reported it to the police. She never reported it to anybody, since her father was dying at the time.

There was enough trouble already.

The Bannister Memorial Fieldhouse was named in honor of George Hickman Bannister, a seventeen-year-old boy who was killed while playing high school football in 1924. George Hickman Bannister had the largest tombstone in Calvary Cemetery, a sixty-two-foot obelisk with a marble football on top.

The marble football looked like this:

Football was a war game. Two opposing teams fought over the ball while wearing armor made out of leather and cloth and plastic.

George Hickman Bannister was killed while trying to get a hold of the ball on Thanksgiving Day. Thanksgiving Day was a holiday when everybody in the country was expected to express gratitude to the Creator of the Universe, mainly for food.

George Hickman Bannister's obelisk was paid for by public subscription, with the Chamber of Commerce matching every two dollars raised with a dollar of its own. It was for many years the tallest structure in Midland City. A city ordinance was passed which made it illegal to erect anything taller than that, and it was called *The George Hickman Bannister Law.*

The ordinance was junked later on to allow radio towers to go up.

The two largest monuments in town, until the new Mildred Barry Memorial Arts Center went up in Sugar Creek, were constructed supposedly so that George Hickman Bannister would never be forgotten. But nobody ever thought about him anymore by the time Dwayne Hoover met Kilgore Trout. There wasn't much to think about him, actually, even at the time of his death, except that he was young.

And he didn't have any relatives in town anymore. There weren't any Bannisters in the phone book, except for *The Bannister,* which was a motion picture theater. Actually, there wouldn't even be a *Bannister Theater* in there after the new phonebooks came out. The Bannister had been turned into a cut-rate furniture store.

George Hickman Bannister's father and mother and sister, Lucy, moved away from town before either the tombstone or the fieldhouse was completed, and they couldn't be located for the dedication ceremonies.

It was a very restless country, with people tearing around all the time. Every so often, somebody would stop to put up a monument.

There were monuments all over the country. But it was certainly unusual for somebody from the common people to have not one but *two* monuments in his honor, as was

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the case with George Hickman Bannister.

Technically, though, only the tombstone had been erected specifically for him. The fieldhouse would have gone up anyway. The money was appropriated for the fieldhouse two years before George Hickman Bannister was cut down in his prime. It didn't cost anything extra to name it after him.

Calvary Cemetery, where George Hickman Bannister was at rest, was named in honor of a hill in Jerusalem, thousands of miles away. Many people believed that the son of the Creator of the Universe had been killed on that hill thousands of years ago.

Dwayne Hoover didn't know whether to believe that or not. Neither did Patty Keene.

And they certainly weren't worrying about it now. They had other fish to fry. Dwayne was wondering how long his attack of echolalia was likely to last, and Patty Keene had to find out if her brand-newness and prettiness and outgoing personality were worth a lot to a sweet, sort of sexy, middle-aged old Pontiac dealer like Dwayne.

"Anyway," she said, "it certainly is an honor to have you visit us, and those aren't the right words, either, but I hope you know what I mean."

"Mean," said Dwayne.

"Is the food all right?" she said.

"All right," said Dwayne.

"It's what everybody else gets," she said. "We didn't do anything special for you."

"You," said Dwayne.

It didn't matter much what Dwayne said. It hadn't mattered much for years. It didn't matter much what most people in Midland City said out loud, except when they were talking about money or structures or travel or machinery—or other measurable things. Every person had a clearly defined part to play—as a black person, a female high school drop-out, a Pontiac dealer, a gynecologist, a gas-conversion burner installer. If a person stopped living up to expectations, because of bad chemicals or one thing or another, everybody went on imagining that the person was living up to expectations anyway.

That was the main reason the people in Midland City were so slow to detect insanity in their associates. Their imaginations insisted that nobody changed much from day to day. Their imaginations were flywheels on the ramshackle machinery of the awful truth.

When Dwayne left Patty Keene and his Burger Chef, when he got into his demonstrator and drove away, Patty Keene was persuaded that she could make him happy with her young body, with her bravery and cheerfulness. She wanted to cry about the lines in his face, and the fact that his wife had eaten Drano, and that his dog had to fight all the time because it couldn't wag its tail, about the fact that his son was a homosexual. She knew all those things about Dwayne. Everybody knew those things about Dwayne.

She gazed at the tower of radio station WMCY, which Dwayne Hoover owned. It was the tallest structure in Midland City. It was eight times as tall as the tombstone of George Hickman Bannister. It had a red light on top of it—to keep airplanes away.

She thought about all the new and used cars Dwayne owned.

Earth scientists had just discovered something fascinating about the continent Patty Keene was standing on, incidentally. It was riding on a slab about forty miles thick, and the slab was drifting around on molten glurp. And all the other continents had slabs of their own. When one slab crashed into another one, mountains were made.

The mountains of West Virginia, for instance, were heaved up when a huge chunk of Africa crashed into North America. And the coal in the state was formed from forests which were buried by the crash.

Patty Keene hadn't heard the big news yet. Neither had Dwayne. Neither had Kilgore Trout. I only found about it day-before yesterday. I was reading a magazine, and I also had the television on. A group of scientists was on television, saying that the theory of floating, crashing, grinding slabs was more than a theory. They could prove it was true now, and that Japan and San Francisco, for instance, were in hideous danger, because that was where some of the most violent crashing and grinding was going on.

They said, too, that ice ages would continue to occur. Mile-thick glaciers would, geologically speaking, continue to go down and up like window blinds.

Dwayne Hoover, incidentally, had an unusually large penis and didn't even know it. The few women he had anything to do with weren't sufficiently experienced to know whether he was average or not. The world average was five and seven eighths inches long, and one and a half inches in diameter when engorged with blood. Dwayne's was seven inches long and two and an eighth inches in diameter when engorged with blood.

Dwayne's son Bunny had a penis that was exactly average.

Kilgore Trout had a penis seven inches long, but only one and one quarter inches in diameter.

This was in inch:

Harry LeSabre, Dwayne's sales manager, had a penis five inches long and two and one-eighth inches in diameter.

Cyprian Ukwende, the black physician from Nigeria, had a penis six and seven-eighth inches long and one and three-quarters inches in diameter.

Don Breedlove, the gas-conversion unit installer who raped Patty Keene, had a penis five and seven-eighths inches long and one and seven-eighths inches in diameter.

Patty Keene had thirty-four-inch hips, a twenty-six-inch waist, and a thirty-four-inch bosom.

Dwayne's late wife had thirty-six-inch hips, a twenty-eight-inch waist, and a thirty-eight-inch bosom when he married her. She had thirty-nine-inch hips, a thirty-one-inch

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waist, and a thirty-eight-inch bosom when she ate Drano.

His mistress and secretary, Francine Pefko, had thirty-seven-inch hips, a thirty-inch waist, and a thirty-nine-inch bosom.

His stepmother at the time of her death had thirty-four-inch hips, a twenty-four-inch waist, and a thirty-three inch bosom.

So Dwayne went from the Burger Chef to the construction site of the new high school. He was in no hurry to get back to his automobile agency, particularly since he had developed echolalia. Francine was perfectly capable of running the place herself, without any advice from Dwayne. He had trained her well.

So he kicked a little dirt down into the cellar hole. He spit down into it. He stepped into mud. It sucked off his right shoe. He dug the shoe out with his hands, and he wiped it. Then he leaned against an old apple tree while he put the shoe back on. This had all been farmland when Dwayne was a boy. There had been an apple orchard here.

Dwayne forgot all about Patty Keene, but she certainly hadn't forgotten him. She would get up enough nerve that night to call him on the telephone, but Dwayne wouldn't be home to answer. He would be in a padded cell in the County Hospital by then.

And Dwayne wandered over to admire a tremendous earth-moving machine which had cleared the site and dug the cellar hole. The machine was idle now, caked with mud. Dwayne asked a white workman how many horsepower drove the machine. All the workmen were white.

The workman said this: "I don't know how many horsepower, but I know what we call it."

"What do you call it?" said Dwayne, relieved to find his echolalia was subsiding.

"We call it *The Hundred-Nigger Machine,*" said the workman. This had reference to a time when black men had done most of the heavy digging in Midland City.

The largest human penis in the United States was fourteen inches long and two and a half inches in diameter.

The largest human penis in the world was sixteen and seven-eighths inches long and two and one-quarter inches in diameter.

The blue whale, a sea mammal, had a penis ninety-six inches long and fourteen inches in diameter.

One time Dwayne Hoover got an advertisement through the mail for a penis extender, made out of rubber. He could slip it over the end of his real penis, according to the ad, and thrill his wife or sweetheart with extra inches. They also wanted to sell him a lifelike rubber vagina for when he was lonesome.

Dwayne went back to work at about two in the afternoon, and he avoided everybody—because of his echolalia. He went into his inner office, and he ransacked his desk drawers for something to read or think about. He came across the brochure which offered him the penis-extender and the rubber vagina for lonesomeness. He had received it two months before. He still hadn't thrown it away.

The brochure also offered him motion pictures such as the ones Kilgore Trout had seen in New York. There were still photographs taken from the movies, and these caused the sex excitation center in Dwayne's brain to send nerve impulses down to an erection center in his spine.

The erection center caused the dorsal vein in his penis to tighten up, so blood could get in all right, but it couldn't get out again. It also relaxed the tiny arteries in his penis, so they filled up the spongy tissues of which Dwayne's penis was mainly composed, so that the penis got hard and stiff—like a plugged-up garden hose.

So Dwayne called Francine Pefko on the telephone, even though she was only eleven feet away. "Francine—?" he said.

"Yes?" she said.

Dwayne fought down his echolalia. "I am going to ask you to do something I have never asked you to do before. Promise me you'll say yes."

"I promise," she said.

"I want you to walk out of here with me this very moment," he said, "and come with me to the Quality Motor Court at Shepherdstown."

Francine Pefko was willing to go to the Quality Motor Court with Dwayne. It was her duty to go, she thought—especially since Dwayne seemed so depressed and jangled. But she couldn't simply walk away from her desk for the afternoon, since her desk was the nerve center of Dwayne Hoover's Exit Eleven Pontiac Village.

"You ought to have some crazy young teen-ager, who can rush off whenever you want her to," Francine told Dwayne.

"I don't want a crazy teen-ager," said Dwayne. "I want *you.*"

"Then you're going to have to be patient," said Francine. She went back to the Service Department, to beg Gloria Browning, the white cashier back there, to man her desk for a little while.

Gloria didn't want to do it. She had a hysterectomy only a month before, at the age of twenty-five—after a botched abortion at the Ramada Inn down in Green County, on Route 53, across from the entrance to Pioneer Village State Park.

There was a mildly amazing coincidence here: the father of the destroyed fetus was Don Breedlove, the white gas-conversion unit installer who had raped Patty Keene in the parking lot of the Bannister Memorial Fieldhouse.

This was a man with a wife and three kids.

Francine had a sign on the wall over her desk, which had been given to her as a joke at the automobile agency's Christmas party at the new Holiday Inn the year before.

It spelled out the truth of her situation. This was it:

(Continued on page 57)

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THE SECOND COMING OF MONTI ROCK, III

by Bill Cardoso

It is not unnatural for a star to become upset when people say they never heard of him, especially in the case of a "world famous personality" who was the once and several times darling of New York. During the '60s, it has been estimated, Monti Rock, III, earned upwards of $2 million and blew it all. He had been poorly prepared for the tax man.

When Monti Rock made his debut in October 1964, at Trude Heller's discotheque in the Village, the columnists wrote that the crush of adoring Uptown women was not to be believed. Among those who queued up that night were Sybil Burton, Huntington Hartford, Bernard Buffet and Betsy von Furstenburg. Peggy Hitchcock arrived with a party of 34 in a double-decker bus loaned by Sardi's. *Women's Wear Daily* began to report regularly on "El Cajones, the ballsiest hairdresser in town," and the first of several hundred television appearances began with a spot on the Tonight Show.

When he returned from a Whiskey au Go Go engagement in Miami Beach in February 1965, he found he was no longer on the payroll at Saks Fifth Avenue, but within months he was rehired because of popular demand. His creations were in all the fashion magazines and were frequently photographed by Richard Avedon. It has been recorded in *The New Yorker*'s "Talk of the Town" that "his customers were rich and beautiful and he himself was outrageously elegant, with his shoulder-length hair, his velvet and brocade suits, his jewelry, his mauve scarf, and his feather boa." He was always invited to the right parties in East Hampton. Lee Radziwell was his client and he was the envy of all the hairdressers.

The New Yorker synthesized it: "For our part, we think of Monti as a symbol of an undefinable something that was loose in the land in the mid '60s, and as the purest living example of what Daniel Boorstin has called 'the human pseudo-event': the man who is known for his well-knownness."

Monti was all New York in those salad days. "I cannot live no place else," he told *Screw* magazine. "I lived in California, everyplace, but this is my town. This is where I live. In California, in Hollywood, you get in a car, you know, you end up smoking pot too much, you end up getting too much speed because you have nothing to do but raise muscles, go in the fucking pool and take a sunburn, and everybody's doing the same thing."

As his career lulled into the '70s, he sang a new tune: "I've decided that my future is in television. I am not a recording artist. I am famous as a television personality. I am an island unto myself and those people in their living rooms are islands unto themselves. They can dig me on the tube talking about me, myself. I am the first honest phony. They can understand that." Of his decision to shift West, he told *The New Yorker* that "New York has abused me. It has abused my stardom, my friendship and my wonderful sense of humor. So I feel it's time for me to go to California, where they're wet and tired, and bring them good tidings. California needs somebody like me . . . with my insanity and chaos. I was put on this earth to create chaos, but it's got so very chaotic for me that my chaos is not working here. All I'm taking with me to California are my portraits of myself, and my ego, which is the biggest thing I have to offer."

So he packed it all up and drove out to Southern California. During dull stretches of the drive, Monti would sing "Haw-lee-wood."

Donna Lee Phillips, 45, lives in an efficiency unit near La Brea and Sunset in Los Angeles. She has given up smoke, drink, everything, and brews tea and reads horoscopes. She has frizzy grey hair shooting out from the top of her head, and I think she may be a witch. At midpoint in her room there is a shrine to Buddha and on each side of this shrine is a small black-and-white picture of Monti Rock, III in top hat and tuxedo.

Donna Lee is a hard-core Monti Rock groupie, one of only two on the West Coast. The other is a six-foot-six guy who won't give his name but shows up unfailingly wherever the gig happens to be.

Donna Lee is explaining her relationship to the star.

"I used to be, you know, very tight, very strong, with Dick Buckley, and Monti is actually, I think, funnier and maybe even hipper than he was." Dick Buckley? she is asked. "Lord Buckley, you know?" Oh.

"Meeting him only cinched it. The cat's real, man. Integrity. He's got twice as much in person. I know a lot of stars and he's the only one I was impressed with after getting to know. I was in Florida visiting my mother the first time I saw him on TV. I said, 'Is this guy for real? He's fantastic.' You may think this sounds funny but when I flew back here I had a feeling of emptiness for the first time. And this has been my home for 25 years. It kept coming, this feeling, heavier and heavier. Then one night I saw his name on the marquee at Filthy McNasty's. 'Is this for real?' I said. I was there every night. I was hooked. And every night it was different. Every night he got better and funnier. He changed his hair and his costumes every night. Wild things. He was fantastic. I got my money's worth. I brought along a rose, a rose that hadn't fully bloomed yet, you know, to give him one night. But at the end of the show he had me spellbound. When he walked by my table I couldn't say 'beautiful' or hand him the rose. I was mesmerized—just like a stone statue."

At length, however, Donna Lee reclaimed her tongue.

"I walked up to where he was standing and told him, handing him

Bill Cardoso, whom Hunter Thompson describes as the "dean of Gonzo Journalism," is associate editor of L.A., *a weekly newspaper in Los Angeles.*

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the rose, 'Only you could get me out tonight.' He said, 'You're beautiful, baby' and I said 'that's what I wanted to tell you.' "

Donna Lee didn't catch his opening at Filthy's. It was, by most reports, bad. "I bombed, man; I was pretty wrecked when I went out there." He had had a snoot full of Scotch, a nose full of coke and a wig full of reefers, and his lighting man was off balling and never turned up. The performer insulted his audience and told them they were no-talent, tacky faggots who were there free. Now some of these persons were important celebrities come to witness "The Unpredictable Monti Rock The Third." Only they all weren't prepared for the unpredictable after all—for the man *Women's Wear Daily* used to call lovingly "El Outrageoso." His opening night act was savaged by the critics. "Sickest act in Hollywood," one wrote. But Monti Rock played eight weeks.

Statement of *Gayboy* Magazine: "Monti is what most of us wish we were and that's CLASS . . . With a complete new format and show to offer Los Angeles, Monti Rock opened June 14 at the Purple Lion Supper Club. And may I say he was just super FANTASTIC . . . But for some weekly publications in Los Angeles, this was not enough. The Critics were just that. It seems as though the Critics of Los Angeles can say nothing good about anyone these days. God help our entertainers."

We are in the kitchen of the apartment on the wrong side of Beverly Hills that Monti shares with Leni Lindstrom, his close friend of two years. Leni, like Monti, is a hairdresser and he is cutting Susan's blonde hair into a long shag cut, his favorite. Monti is assisting and, meanwhile, tapping his faucet of consciousness, as we ready for a cocktail party at the 1520 A.D. Club on La Cienega. Ray Engel is staging the party in advance of his Halloween Straight and Swinger's Ball and Erotic Products Trade Show for which Monti will serve as master of ceremonies.

Monti, because of his Cuban heels, seems taller than his accredited six-foot-one as he moves in his apartment with natural grace, sometimes like a man, sometimes like a woman. She-man, they used to call him. He has a Swiss-movements mind and a memory to match.

Monti is carrying on now about the apartment, which he rented long distance and sight unseen from New York at $170 a month because, after all, it is a Beverly Hills address, although he didn't know at the time it carried a West Hollywood telephone number. But that's little matter to someone who is driving a second-hand Chevy these days. "They told me on the phone that this place had a dining room," he says, pointing around the kitchen. "They also said it had two bay windows, the schmucks. I can't wait to buy a house up in the hills."

He studies Leni's work. Susan looks down at the blonde locks piling up on the floor tiles and begins to get nervous. It has been many years since she had this much cut away. Leni is working out, enthralled. He is in reverie and is later to confide that "cutting hair gets me off. Nothing else does," he insists, not styling, not washing; just cutting. What the hell, there used to be an obituary writer at the *Brooklyn Eagle* who got off chewing raw newsprint.

"Hey, you know, I'm going to be the nude room-mate of the month center-fold next month in *Zipper* Magazine," says Monti, "and I'm not going to hide it behind my forearm." (A similar caper on stage once cost him his lucrative engagement at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas.)

Monti passes out Hires root beer, "the best in the world," and entreats us to join him in eating some cold, boiled potatoes from the refrigerator, before retreating to the bathroom to finish applying his make-up.

Don Jose Moses Martinez, alias Monti Rock, III, reflections on the life of, as viewed through a Puerto Rican prism: "I'm a spick faggot bisexual gay from the East Bronx. My mother and father were Pentecostalist preachers and I quit school in the eighth grade. I married a bull dyke model who used to beat me up. We had three dogs and split up after four months. We slept in separate beds so don't talk to me about hard times, baby, because I've known them all. I've been upfront all my life. I'm a star. I'm famous for not doing anything. I'm Rhinestone West, the gay caballero. I'm the first Puerto Rican god and I owned a brownstone on 65th Street when I was 19 years old." (To acquire that brownstone, the young Sr. Montanez, last of seven children, borrowed the down payment from someone named Sokosky, who liked him, then gave a rent party, inviting people to "come twist with Mr. Monti" in 1960. He netted $4000 and paid off the loan.

Don Jose, reflections on the appearance of, as viewed through a Portuguese prism: "He is taller in person than he looks on TV. He is six-foot-one and gaining weight. He blames this on an overdose of Scotch when he was losing his touch in New York. He is 32 and his eyes are now too small for his rounded face. His nose is a long, pointy Spanish beak, not unlike the Manolete proboscis. Sometimes he talks unnecessarily loud. He is a symphony in suede. He has 72 pairs of shoes. He is, he acknowledges, a shoe fetishist.

We are driving east on Beverly Blvd., heading for the 1520 A.D. Club. Monti can't get over the idea that he is recording at noon the next day. He has only been called hours ago by Bell Records. "I'm recording tomorrow. It's such a shock. I thought they'd forgotten about me. I said to the guy, 'What if I don't know the song?' and he said, 'You'll know it. You're such an egomaniac.' "

Marty from Brooklyn is in the back seat. As we pass an abandoned car in the middle of the road he mysteriously uses this as a pretext to throw down a challenge to Monti Rock, III. "*You* say you're well-known," he challenges. lenges.

"I am well-known," says Monti, "In New York, especially."

"Yeah?"

"I owned clubs, beauty shops. I'm not a collector of people. Uh, uh. I don't collect people." Leni adds, "No way."

"People have been the most disappointing thing in my life," continues Monti. "Isn't that always the case?" suggests Marty. "Not really, because if you want to be a schmuck you can accept anything." Monti goes on to

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try to make a case for the people here being warped worse than they are in New York but nobody in the car is buying.

Eventually we entered the valet parking line at the 1520 A.D., the old Climax Club. "What is this, by invitation?" Marty wants to know. "I'm the star," Monti matter of factly responds. "I'm supposed to be throwing this." Leni explains that "it's a promotion for him because he's doing the Ball Saturday night."

Inside, we meet Ray Engel and Mike O'Hara, who introduces himself as "Lance Rentzel's room-mate." Our party smartly responds to an offer of champagne. We smooth quickly into champagne doubles. It takes about five minutes to realize that the party is a dud. Monti and Leni blame it on the folk musicians. "Nobody's dancing," observes the former Mr. Monti of The Twist. "Shit on this."

The place empties very quickly. Everybody has gone out to the parking lot for a front row view of One City Block burning down across the street on La Cienaga. It is a gallery and art supply house. Lotta thinner going up over there. Ray Engel, the 24-year-old promoter of the costume ball Monti will star at three nights hence, sees an opportunity. "Looter tickets here. Get yer looter's ticket."

Leni suggests a hamburger some place but we are all more or less broke. Marty, who owns property in West Hollywood, produces a tenner. Thus flush, we drive to Ben Franks on Sunset, parking next to a tan Bentley. "I know the guy who owns that," announces Monti. "He's a queer racketeer I used to know in New York. A baby gangster." When we enter the coffee shop, he goes over to say a few words to a man wearing a wide-brim hat, the baby gangster.

Monti is still excited about the recording session. It will be the second record he ever made. He is still looking for his first album. He will eat a Reuben sandwich and go home. He has to prepare for tomorrow. ■

Monti Rock, III

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THE ALMANAC

by Derek Shearer

Notwithstanding Nixon's peace shenanigans, the American military is busily preparing new and more sophisticated weapons for Vietnam-style warfare. While the President talks of a "generation of peace," his generals are girding themselves for another generation of war. The Air Force, for example, is perfecting a remote-controlled fighter-bomber which will enable it to utilize American airpower without even risking the loss of pilots. This is but one of scores of new warfare gadgets, and those who would like to put a stop to such plans would do well to inform themselves about the latest developments. For that purpose, there are some excellent books and diligent organizations to which they can turn.

War Without End: American Planning for the Next Vietnams (Vintage paperback) by **Michael Klare** is the best available source book on the Nixon doctrine and U.S. military strategy vis-à-vis underdeveloped countries. Two other recent works examine how war contractors like **General Electric, Lockheed, Raytheon,** and **General Dynamics** drink deeply at the Pentagon trough: **The War Profiteers** (Anchor paperback) by **Richard Kaufman,** an economist and congressional aide to **Sen. William Proxmire**, and **The High Priests of Waste** (Norton) by **A. Ernest Fitzgerald**, the Pentagon expert who lost his job when he revealed military cost overruns to congress. Another important book in this general area is **Richard Barnet's Roots of War** (Atheneum hardcover, soon to be available in Penguin paperback), which describes the elite of foreign policy makers and discusses the political economics of America's drive for expansion. In addition, **Seymour Melman** has collected some excellent readings on the economics of military spending in **The War Economy of the U.S.** (St. Martin's paperback).

Among the more active groups researching this field is the **North American Congress on Latin America.** It has just put out a concise pamphlet entitled **The U.S. Military Apparatus** which includes articles and charts on the intelligence establishment, U.S. bases and forces abroad, U.S. military and police aid, and U.S. arms sales abroad. Copies cost $1.25 plus 25 cents postage. Bulk orders (add 10 percent for postage): 10-49 copies, $1 each; 50 or more, 75 cents each. (Write: NACLA, P.O. Box 226, Berkeley, Calif. 94701 or NACLA, P.O. Box 57, Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10025). NACLA also publishes a **monthly newsletter** featuring articles on U.S. activities in Latin America. Subscriptions are $6 a year for individuals and $12 per year for institutions.

NARMIC (National Action Research on the Military-Industrial Complex) is a research center sponsored by the **American Friends Service Committee.** It seeks to aid communities in taking action against war contractors. Toward that end it provides information on contracts, military bases, and weapons systems. Publications include **The Simple Art of Murder: Anti-Personnel Weapons and their Developers** ($1.15)—with information about firms that manufacture anti-personnel weapons—and **The Home Front** ($1), a study of domestic police and Army counterinsurgency planning. (Write: NARMIC, 160 North 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. Telephone 215-563-9372.) Copies of these and other NARMIC publications are also available at local AFSC offices.

The Pacific Studies Center (1963 University Ave., East Palo Alto, Calif. 94303) publishes the bi-monthly **Pacific Research and World Empire Telegram,** which includes well researched articles on U.S. foreign and military policy. Subscriptions are $5 a year for individuals and $15 a year for institutions.

The **G.E. Project** of the **American Friends Service Committee** (New England Regional Office, 48 Inman St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139, Tel. 617-864-3150) has put out a pamphlet on **General Electric**'s military work and its activities overseas. Copies cost 25 cents each, plus 5 cents postage.

Should all this prove too overwhelming, you might want to check out the **New World Coalition,** a nonprofit group which has compiled a "mail order magazine for consumers with a conscience." Entitled **Shop the Other America,** the pamphlet lists products which can be ordered from poor people's cooperatives around the country. It argues that "shopping the other America is a rather simple act that supports the struggle of poor people without 'buying' (i.e. controlling) them by those who have never known or don't remember poverty." Copies of **Shop the Other America** cost 25 cents per copy; 20 cents per copy for orders over 100. (Write: New World Coalition, 419 Boylston St. Rm. 209, Boston, Mass. 02116. Telephone 617-266-6120.

It has long been argued—for example, by **Henry George** in **Progress and Poverty**—that the rise in the value of land ought not accrue to private hands, especially when it results from public investment in roads, schools, water mains, and so forth. Recently, a few cities in the U.S. such as Rockville, Md., and St. George, Vt., have retained community ownership of land and treated it as a "public utility." Various West European countries—mainly in Scandinavia—have experimented with communal land ownership and direct land development leading toward planned and controlled growth. For years, **Israeli** collectives and cooperatives (the **kibbutz** and **moshav**) have leased their land from the Jewish National Fund.

This issue is discussed with intelligence in a booklet called **The Community Land Trust: A Guide to a New Model for Land Tenure in America,** published by the **Center for Community Economic Development** (CCED). Copies cost $2 each, postage included. (Write: CCED, 1878 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 02140 Tel. 617-547-9695). In addition to historical material on land trusts, the pamphlet contains useful information on land-use planning, taxation, zoning, and building codes. ■

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc., should be addressed to Derek Shearer, RAMPARTS *Magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704.*

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THE HAIR PIECE

by Irving Wallace

In the 1960s and 1970s, young men who have chosen to grow moustaches and beards and to wear long hair--in an age when conformity demanded a clean-shaven face and short hair--have been hassled relentlessly in every corner of the United States by their elders and by the police. Yet these modern young were not the first to be persecuted because of their hair styles.

The patron saint of all those with a preference for long locks and prodigious beards was a New England Yankee named Joseph Palmer, who lived and suffered his hairy nonconformity a century ago.

Joseph Palmer, born in 1788, was a religious man, a reformer, a believer in communal living, an opponent of liquor and slavery. He came into history in 1830, at 42, when he left the family farm with his wife and son to set up residence in the town of Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Joseph Palmer came into history (and notoriety) because of one simple cosmetic fact--he wore a beard.

Now beards were not unknown to American history, nor was opposition to them unknown either. The explorers of the New World--Cortez, Drake, Raleigh--were bearded. The Pilgrims and the Puritans were bearded. Those were the days when beards were in. Then, suddenly, beards were out. No signer of the Declaration of Independence wore a beard or moustache. No United States president from George Washington through James Buchanan had hair on his face. In 1830, when Joseph Palmer moved into Fitchburg, President Andrew Jackson was smoothshaven, and the visages of all American males were shining and beardless. But Joseph Palmer was an individualist and a nonconformist. He admired the biblical patriarchs like Moses, and Moses had a flowing beard. He admired the Messiah, and Jesus Christ had an impressive beard. So Joseph Palmer decided to grow a beard. And in this facially hairless land of the free, Palmer's flowing biblical beard was one of a kind, the only one known from Atlantic to Pacific.

Because of his beard, Joseph Palmer suffered grievously. In Fitchburg, even in more sophisticated Boston, his appearances in public were greeted with jeers, catcalls, and barrages of stones and rocks. Several times, in an effort to intimidate him into shaving, his neighbors smashed the windows of his house. Finally, on one memorable occasion, four hooligans armed with scissors, razor, soap, and brush physically attacked Palmer and tried to forcibly remove his beard. Wrestling his assailants, Palmer managed to pull out his pocket knife. He lashed out in self defense, cutting the yahoos up and driving them off. For this defense, Palmer was arrested for "unprovoked assault" and fined. He refused to pay the fine. He was thrown into the Worcester county jail.

Palmer remained in jail one year, constantly warding off efforts to shave him and constantly refusing to pay his fine. Meanwhile, he began to write passionate letters from his cell stating "that he was in jail not for assault, but because he chose to wear whiskers." What in the devil was there in the law of the land or in the Constitution itself that said a man could not wear whiskers? Through his son, Palmer smuggled the letters of his persecution to the *Worcester Spy* and the newspaper ran them, and because of their unusual content they were reprinted throughout the East. Suddenly, Palmer's arguments about individual freedom and human rights began to give many citizens second thoughts, and made them question themselves. After all, was there anything in the Constitution about shaving or cutting one's hair or looking like everyone else? Of course not. Palmer was right. Sympathy began to build.

The growing publicity troubled the Worcester sheriff. He decided to release Palmer. But now Palmer refused to go. He had been unfairly jailed, and he would stay on in his cell until he was fully absolved. At last, in desperation, the sheriff and his law officers picked Palmer up, carried him out of his cell, and dumped him into the street outside.

He was free, at last. He was also America's most unique martyr, and he had the admiration of the nation's reformers and radicals. Tired of Fitchburg, Palmer bought a farm outside the town, a farm formerly owned by a commune that had failed, and on it he established his own transients commune. There was always a pot of baked beans, and homemade bread and butter, and a bed for the night, waiting for anyone who came by to call. Thoreau and Emerson were among those who came to call, and who remained his friends.

When Palmer died in 1875, at the age of eighty-eight and in full beard, he found himself and his whiskers completely vindicated. For his hairitage was in evidence everywhere: beards and long hair were in as they had never been before in American history. Abraham Lincoln sported a beard at his inauguration. Other great names of the period--Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, George A. Custer--all wore beards. After Palmer's death, beards of every cut--Van Dykes, goatees, muttonchops, Mosaic whiskers--continued to flourish for over a quarter of a century. In those years, a man whose face was unadorned was considered a prig and a sissy. Then, suddenly, once more, the fashion changed. Hair was out. President Taft, who served from 1909 to 1913, was the last chief executive to permit hair on his face. Every president after that--Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon--was clean-shaven, as were most of their constituents. Then, in the 1960's and 1970's, there was still another turnabout. Hair was in again--if not for all, at least for the young.

The national shrine to hair's martyr may still be seen today. Not far from Fitchburg, Massachusetts, in North Leominsters' old cemetery, stands a six-foot white marble tombstone bearing a noble sculpture of Joseph Palmer's bushy face, and the following bold inscription: ■

PERSECUTED FOR
WEARING THE BEARD
PALMER

Irving Wallace's best-selling novels include The Word *(1972),* The Seven Minutes *(1969),* The Plot *(1967) and* The Man *(1964)--all published by Simon & Schuster.*

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JOHN PRINE'S BLUE COLLAR BLUES

by William Kloman

John Prine, a 26-year-old former mailman and soldier from Maywood, Illinois, is one of the remaining upholders of the coffeehouse folk tradition that flourished during the Eisenhower years. Prine's songwriting is a kind of populist social realism. He writes songs about conscience-bound veterans, old people living on yesterday's dreams, and lonely fat girls like Lydia, a penny arcade cashier who makes love "from ten miles away" with an equally lonely young soldier named Donald. Prine makes poetry out of street English and sings it to melodies that could be mistaken for hymns grandmother played on the harmonium.

People frequently think they are listening to old Dylan tracks when they first hear Prine on the radio. He has the same raw delivery that marked Dylan's early songs, but Prine softpedals the Apocalypse. He is more amused then angered by primitive patriotism, and dedicates to the Rev. Carl MacIntire a song with the refrain

Your flag decal won't get you
into heaven anymore.
They're already overcrowded
from your dirty little war. *

Music business headlines are currently being monopolized by sickies and uglies, so Prine, with his grown-out crewcut, is anything but trendy. Perverto-rock is the latest produce of the $5 billion-a-year record industry's hype machine, and against the backdrop of big-dollar degeneracy, Prine, who sometimes writes about suicide and masturbation, comes on like King of the Healthies. His bittersweet treatment of such themes as loneliness and old age remind us that on the grassroots level nobody gets paid for being freaky. Sheer weirdness, after all, is not an end in itself but a happenstance by-product of human variability. Most of the world is irretrievably straight, and as Prine writes in "Flashback Blues,"

Tragic magic prayers of passion
Stay the same through changing fashion.

I saw Prine perform at the Cellar Door, in the Georgetown section of Washington, D.C. Down the street, under kleig lights, Warner Brothers was filming *The Exorcist,* and someone told me the movie people were trying to cast a crowd of straight-looking college students and couldn't find anybody willing to cut their hair to be in the film.

From the rear, the club looks like a bears' convention, with all the longhairs jammed shoulder-to-shoulder in the semi-darkness. I could feel myself in the presence of deep innocence. Such an audience is a fragment of the counter-nation, an organism that assembles itself to be spoken to, to learn, to observe its artists at work.

Prine makes his way through the crowd, and a voice introduces him as "Chicago's own shit-kicker, little Johnny Prine." Guitar in hand, Prine climbs onstage. His boots are at nose level with the front tables. He looks behind him at the empty stage, then faces front, grinning. "Me and the boys'd like to do some songs for you," he says, and starts pumping his message home:

Blow up your TV
Throw away your paper
Go to the country
Build you a home.
Plant a little garden
Eat a lot of peaches
Try and find Jesus
On your own.

The show is being broadcast live by WGTB, the Georgetown University station, and Prine starts talking to the people out in the black winter night cruising for burgers in their green Vegas, or blowing a quarter-tank of gasoline trying to find the action. People in the club start clinking ice in their glasses so the people in their cars can hear where they are. Prine tells them he knows a lot of them are just driving around, then suddenly he says, "Turn right!" The audience cheers.

Prine sings "Illegal Smile," his marijuana song, then introduces "The Great Compromise," which he says is a song about America. It tells the story of a fellow whose girl deserts him at the drive-in in favor of a guy in a foreign sports car. Now men line up in the barroom to ball her.

I used to sleep at the foot
of Old Glory
And awake in the dawn's early light
But much to my surprise,
When I opened my eyes,
I was a victim of the
Great Compromise.

Although reviewers call him a "blue collar radical," Prine seems more influenced by Roger Miller than Woodie Guthrie. He grew up listening to Jimmy Rogers and the Carter Family on the radio, and began writing his own songs at 14. He doesn't like the label "protest singer," but some of his strongest lyrics deal with social themes. "Sam Stone" tells of a man who returns from Vietnam "with a Purple Heart and a monkey on his back." Stone dies of an overdose and trades the

House that he bought on
the G.I. Bill
For a flag draped casket on
a local heroes' hill.

Al Kooper has recorded a version of the song in which a soul chorus joyfully socks out the refrain

There's a hole in daddy's arm
Where all the money goes.
And Jesus Christ died for nothing
I suppose.

On his second album, *Diamonds in the Rough,* there is a song called "Take the Star Out of the Window," about a sailor named Robert who returns from Vietnam with blood on his high school ring. "And it's hello California," he says,

Hello Dad and Mom
Ship ahoy
Your baby boy
Is home from Vietnam.

William Kloman is a free-lance writer living in New York City. His work appears regularly in the Sunday New York Times.

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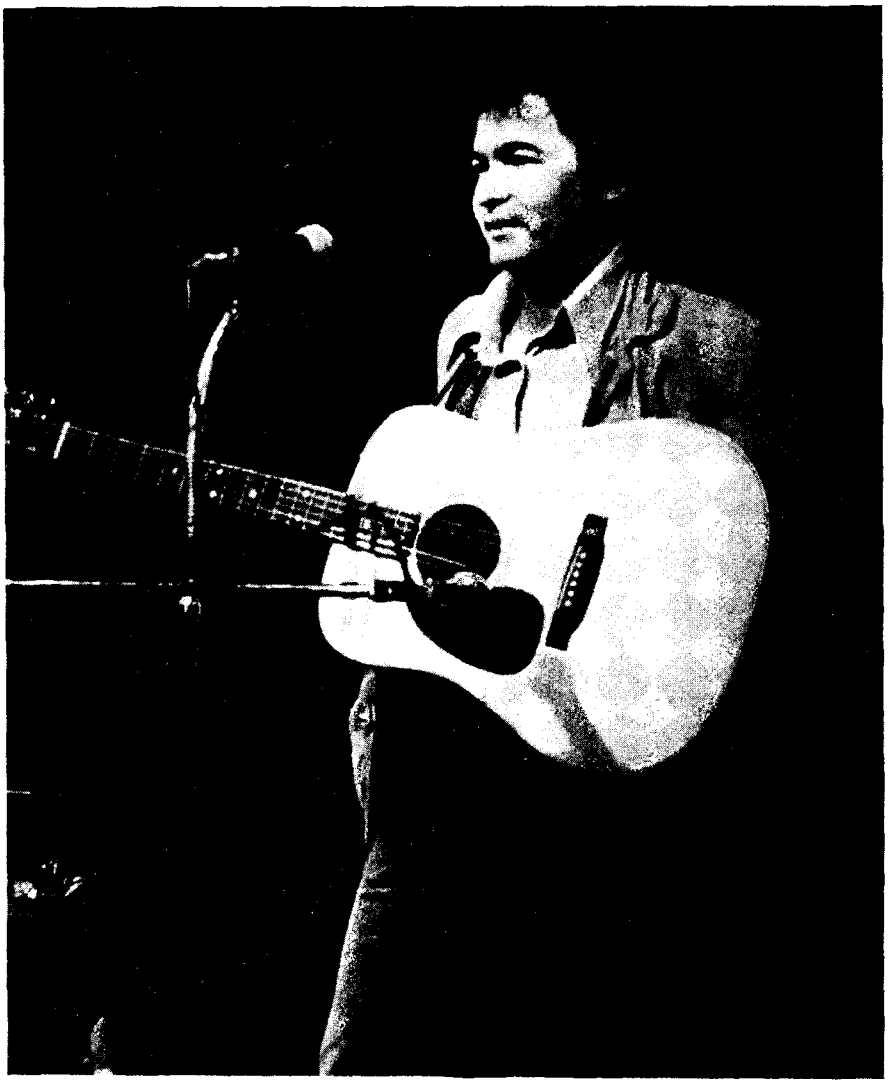
Don't you ask me any questions
'Bout the medals on my chest.
Take the star out of the window
And let my conscience take a rest.

The audience joins in as Prine sings "Sam Stone" in Georgetown. They are happy to be on the radio spilling the truth of things into the airwaves around the capital. Many of these kids' parents work for the government, and the sing-along is in some ways a celebration of the fact that at the very heart of the beast men's minds and voices are still free to sing their defiance. Perhaps these are the "happy sailors dancing on a sinking ship," Prine writes about in "Flashback Blues."

In this particular setting Prine's down-home vibrato sounds like the scratchy voice of some better inner self, coaxing us into an attitude which will perhaps become as pervasive among the literate left in the 1970s as Mort Sahl's was in the 1950s.



Upstairs in the Cellar Door office, which Prine is using as his dressing room, he talks about going back to Chicago for a rest after five months on the road. His wife, Ann, sits on a couch nearby, knitting winter caps for friends. Singer Bonnie Raitt and her accompanist are tuning up behind the manager's desk, and someone is stoking up a hash pipe in the corner.

"I used to be able to see the audiences," Prine says, recalling his Old Town folk-scene days when he stood down there on the floor level sharing his magenta gels with the people. Singing right at them, nailing them with a grin and a squint and making them bounce in their chairs with happiness that this kid from the West Side was up there telling people where things were at.

"When I was in high school they didn't call us greasers," he says. "But I guess that's what I was into. Hanging around. You'd hang around one place for a while, then you'd go hang around someplace else. Remember the headlines? 'Eisenhower Has A Cold,'" In "Flashback Blues," Prine writes

Spent most of my youth
Out hobo cruising
And all I got for proof
Is rocks in my pockets
And dirt in my shoes.

Now people like Kris Kristofferson, David Bromberg, and Bob Dylan come hang around places where Prine is appearing. His music has been recorded by half a dozen major artists including Baez, Dylan, and Carly Simon. He has bookings in London and the South of France.

Bonnie Raitt goes downstairs to do her set and Prine talks about truth and honesty in songwriting. "I don't sit down and say now I'm going to write an honest song. That's just the way they come out. If it isn't true and honest, there isn't any point in singing it. I might as well be doing something else." Earlier in the evening he told the audience there was a time when he started writing that he wrote nothing but songs about death—ten or twelve of them a day.

Prine's sophisticated poetics are in sharp contrast with the simple image of a street-corner cowboy in faded denim strumming out a few hot licks on a borrowed guitar. A critic in San Francisco said he didn't like Prine because he didn't like to hear Dylan Thomas sung with a twang, but Prine's audience seems to love him because he calls out the truth when he sees it, and he is unmistakably one of their own, even if his hair is a little short. Maybe, like Dylan, Prine will eventually be taken away from them to live in a secret realm, returning as an icon, and only on special days, but for now he can be seen and talked to and touched. Young men seek him out after shows to show him their poetry, neatly typed, or scrawled on envelopes. Girls come around just to stand and look: shy ones who perhaps worry that if they get too close Prine might put them in a song, pinning them like butterflies on corkboard the way poor fat Lydia is forever pinned behind her penny arcade counter making change.

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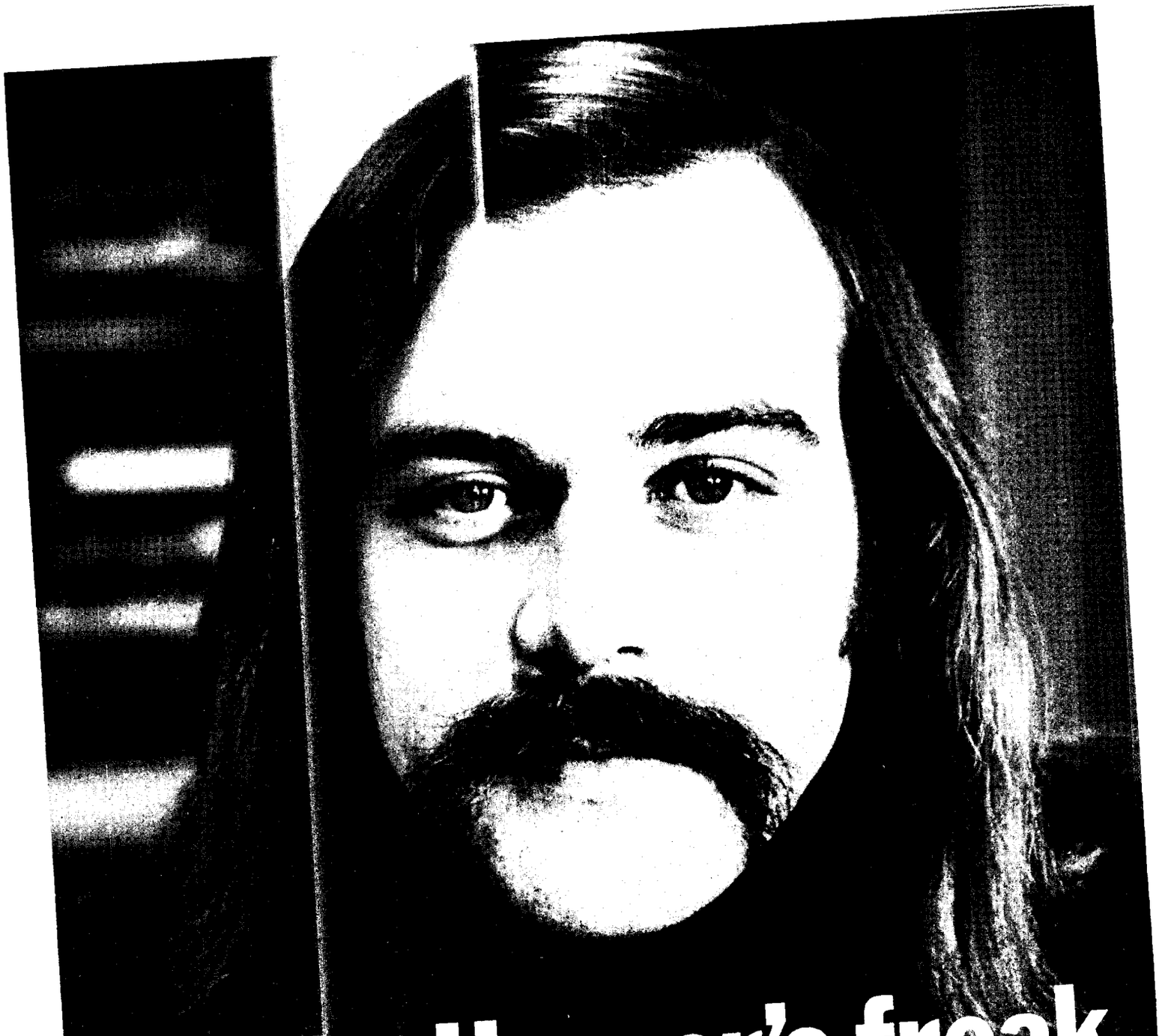

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BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

(From page 48)

Gloria said she didn't want to man the nerve center. "I don't want to man anything," she said.

But Gloria took over Francine's desk anyway. "I don't have nerve enough to commit suicide," she said, "so I might as well do anything anybody says—in the service of mankind."

Dwayne and Francine headed for Shepherdstown in separate cars, so as not to call attention to their love affair. Dwayne was in a demonstrator again. Francine was in her own red GTO. GTO stood for *Gran Turismo Omologato*. She had a sticker on her bumper which said this:

It was certainly loyal of her to put that sticker on her car. She was always doing loyal things like that, always rooting for her man, always rooting for Dwayne.

And Dwayne tried to reciprocate in little ways. For instance, he had been reading articles and books on sexual intercourse recently. There was a sexual revolution going on in the country, and women were demanding that men pay more attention to women's pleasure during sexual intercourse, and not just think of themselves. The key to their pleasure, they said, and scientists backed them up, was the clitoris, a tiny meat cylinder which was right above the hole in women where men were supposed to stick their much larger cylinders.

Men were supposed to pay more attention to the clitoris, and Dwayne had been paying a lot more attention to Francine's, to the point where she said he was paying too much attention to it. This did not surprise him. The things he had read about the clitoris had said that this was a danger—that a man could pay too much attention to it.

So, driving out to the Quality Motor Court that day, Dwayne was hoping that he would pay exactly the right amount of attention to Francine's clitoris.

Kilgore Trout once wrote a short novel about the importance of the clitoris in love-making. This was in response to a suggestion by his second wife, Darlene, that he could make a fortune with a dirty book. She told him that the hero should understand women so well that he could seduce anyone he wanted. So Trout wrote *The Son of Jimmy Valentine*.

Jimmy Valentine was a famous made-up person in another writer's books, just as Kilgore Trout was a famous made-up person in my books. Jimmy Valentine in the other writer's books sandpapered his fingertips, so they were extrasensitive. He was a safe-cracker. His sense of feel was so delicate that he could open any safe in the world by feeling the tumblers fall.

Kilgore Trout invented a son for Jimmy Valentine, named Ralston Valentine. Ralston Valentine also sandpapered his fingertips. But he wasn't a safe-cracker. Ralston was so good at touching women the way they wanted to be touched, that tens of thousands of them became his willing slaves. They abandoned their husbands or lovers for him, in Trout's story, and Ralston Valentine became President of the United States, thanks to the votes of women.

Dwayne and Francine made love in the Quality Motor Hotel. Then they stayed in bed for a while. It was a water bed. Francine had a beautiful body. So did Dwayne. "We never made love in the afternoon before," said Francine.

"I felt so *tense*," said Dwayne.

"I know," said Francine. "Are you better now?"

"Yes." He was lying on his back. His ankles were crossed. His hands were folded behind his head. His great wang lay across his thigh like a salami. It slumbered now.

"I love you so much," said Francine. She corrected herself. "I know I promised not to say that, but that's a promise I can't help breaking all the time." The thing was: Dwayne had made a pact with her that neither one of them was ever to mention love. Since Dwayne's wife had eaten Drano, Dwayne never wanted to hear about love ever again. The subject was too painful.

Dwayne snuffled. It was customary for him to communicate by means of snuffles after sexual intercourse. The snuffles all had meanings which were bland: "That's all right . . . forget it . . . who could blame you?" And so on.

"On Judgment Day," said Francine, "when they ask me what bad things I did down here, I'm going to have to tell them, 'Well—there was a promise I made to a man I loved, and I broke it all the time. I promised him never to say I loved him.' "

This generous, voluptuous woman, who had only ninety-six dollars and eleven cents a week in take-home pay, had lost her husband, Robert Pefko, in a war in Viet Nam. He was a career officer in the Army. He had a penis six and one-half inches long and seven-eighths inches in diameter.

He was a graduate of West Point, a military academy which turned young men into homicidal maniacs for use in war.

Francine followed Robert from West Point to Parachute School at Fort Bragg, and then to South Korea, where Robert managed a Post Exchange, which was a department store for soldiers, and then to the University of Pennsylvania, where Robert took a Master's Degree in Anthropology, at Army expense, and then back to West Point, where Robert was an Assistant Professor of Social Sciences for three years.

After that, Francine followed Robert to Midland City, where Robert oversaw the manufacture of a new sort of booby trap. A booby trap was an easily hidden explosive device, which blew up when it was accidentally twiddled in some way. One of the virtues of the new type of booby trap was that it could not be smelled by dogs. Various armies at that time were training dogs to sniff out booby traps.

When Robert and Francine were in Midland City, there weren't any other military people around, so they made their first civilian friends. And Francine took a job with Dwayne Hoover, in order to augment her husband's salary and fill her days.

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But then Robert was sent to Viet Nam.

Shortly after that, Dwayne's wife ate Drano and Robert was shipped home in a plastic body bag.

"I pity men," said Francine, there in the Quality Motor Court. She was sincere. "I wouldn't want to be a man—they take such chances, they work so hard." They were on the second floor of the motel. Their sliding glass doors gave them a view of an iron railing and a concrete terrace outside—and then Route 103, and then the wall and the rooftops of the Adult Correctional Institution beyond that.

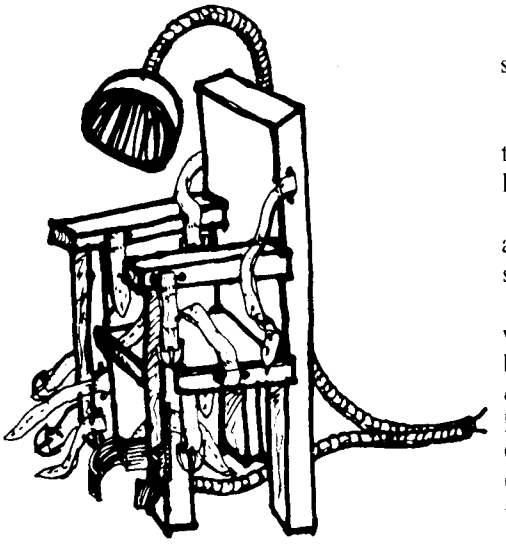
"I don't wonder you're tired and nervous," Francine went on. "If I was a man, I'd be tired and nervous, too. I guess God made women so men could relax and be treated like little babies from time to time." She was more than satisfied with this arrangement.

Dwayne snuffled. The air was rich with the smell of raspberries, which was the perfume in the disinfectant and roach-killer the motel used.

Francine mused about the prison, where the guards were all white and most of the prisoners were black. "Is it true," she said, "that nobody ever escaped from there?"

"It's true," said Dwayne.

"When was the last time they used the electric chair?" said Francine. She was asking about a device in the basement of the prison, which looked like this:



The purpose of it was to kill people by jazzing them with more electricity than their bodies could stand. Dwayne Hoover had seen it twice—once during a tour of the prison by members of the Chamber of Commerce years ago, and then again when it was actually used on a black human being he knew.

Dwayne tried to remember when the last execution took place in Shepherdstown. Execution had become unpopular. There were signs that they might become popular again. Dwayne and Francine tried to remember the most recent electrocution anywhere in the country which had stuck in their minds.

They remembered the double execution of a man and wife for treason. The couple had supposedly given secrets about how to make a hydrogen bomb to another country.

They remembered the double execution of a man and woman who were lovers. The man was good-looking and sexy, and he used to seduce ugly old women who had money, and then he and the woman he really loved would kill the women for their money. The woman he really loved was young, but she certainly wasn't pretty in the conventional sense. She weighed two hundred and forty pounds.

Francine wondered out loud why a thin, good-looking young man would love a woman that heavy.

"It takes all kinds," said Dwayne.

"You know what I keep thinking?" said Francine.

Dwayne snuffled.

"This would be a very good location for a Colonel Sanders Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise."

Dwayne's relaxed body contracted as though each muscle in it had been stung by a drop of lemon juice.

Here was the problem: Dwayne wanted Francine to love him for his body and soul, not for what his money could buy. He thought Francine was hinting that he should buy her a Colonel Sanders Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise, which was a scheme for selling fried chicken.

A chicken was a flightless bird which looked like this:

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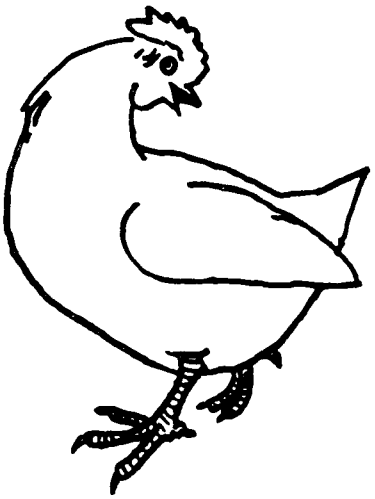


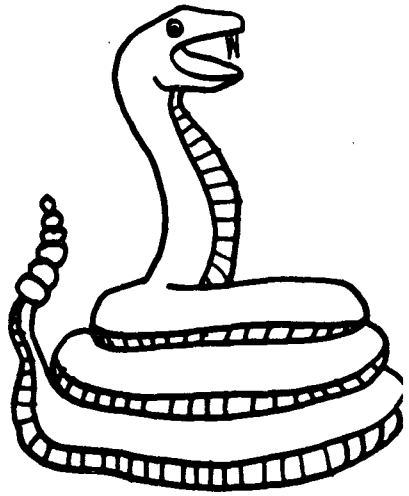
The idea was to kill it and pull out all its feathers, and cut off its head and feet and scoop out its internal organs—and then chop it into pieces and fry the pieces, and put the pieces in a waxed paper bucket with a lid on it, so it looked like this:

Francine, who had been so proud of her capacity to make Dwayne relax, was now ashamed to have made him tighten up again. He was as rigid as an ironing board. "Oh my God—" she said, "what's the matter now?"

"If you're going to ask for presents," said Dwayne, "just do me a favor—and don't hint around right after we've made love. Let's keep love-making and presents separate. O.K.?"

"I don't even know what you think I asked for," said Francine.

Dwayne mimicked her cruelly in a falsetto voice: " 'I don't even know what you think I asked you for,' " he said. He looked about as pleasant and relaxed as a coiled rattlesnake now. It was his bad chemicals, of course, which were compelling him to look like that. A real rattlesnake looked like this:



The Creator of the Universe ha put a rattle on its tail. The Creator ha also given it front teeth which wer hypodermic syringes filled with deadl poison.

Sometimes I wonder about th Creator of the Universe.

Another animal invented by th Creator of the Universe was a Mexica beetle which could make a blank cartridge gun out of its rear end. I could detonate its own farts an knock over other bugs with shoc waves.

Word of Honor—I read about it i an article on strange animals in *Diner' Club Magazine.*

So Francine got off the bed i order not to share it with the seemin rattlesnake. She was aghast. All sh could say over and over again was "You're my *man.* You're my *man.*' This meant that she was willing t agree about anything with Dwayne, t do anything for him, no matter how difficult or disgusting, to think up nic things to do for him that he didn' even notice, to die for him, if neces sary, and so on.

She honestly tried to live that way She couldn't imagine anything bette to do. So she fell apart when Dwayn persisted in his nastiness. He told he that every woman was a whore, an every whore had her price, and Fran cine's price was what a Colonel Sanders Kentucky Fried Chicken would cost, which would be well over one hundred thousand dollars by the time adequate parking and exterior lighting and all that was taken into

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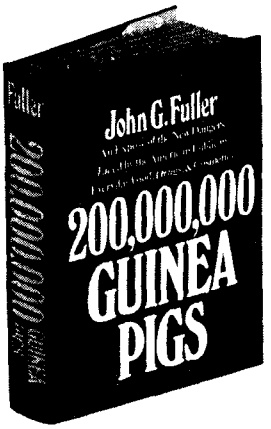

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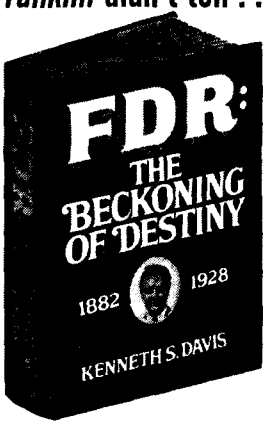

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consideration, and so on.

Francine replied in blubbering gibberish that she had never wanted the franchise for herself, that she had wanted it for Dwayne, that everything she wanted was for Dwayne. Some of the words came through. "I thought of all the people who come out here to visit their relatives in prison, and I realized how most of them were black, and I thought how much black people liked fried chicken," she said.

"So you want me to open a Nigger joint?" said Dwayne. And so on. So Francine now had the distinction of being the second close associate of Dwayne's who discovered how vile he could be.

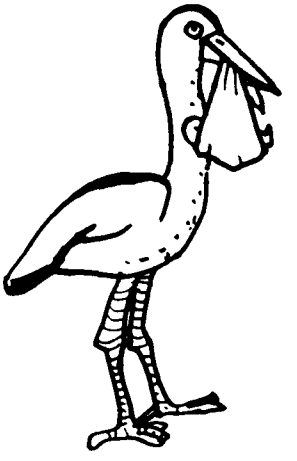
"Harry LeSabre was right," said Francine. She was backed up against the cement block wall of the motel room now, with her fingers spread over her mouth. Harry LeSabre, of course, was Dwayne's transvestite sales manager. "He said you'd changed," said Francine. She made a cage of fingers around her mouth. "Oh, God, Dwayne—" she said, "you've changed, you've changed."

"Maybe it was time!" said Dwayne. "I never felt better in my life!" And so on.

Harry LeSabre was at that moment crying, too. He was at home—in bed. He had a purple velvet sheet over his head. He was well-to-do. He had invested in the stock market very intelligently and luckily over the years. He had bought one hundred shares of Xerox, for instance, for eight dollars a share. With the passage of time, his shares had become one hundred times as valuable, simply lying in the total darkness and silence of a safe-deposit box.

There was a lot of money magic like that going on. It was almost as though some blue fairy were flitting about that part of the dying planet, waving her magic wand over certain deeds and bonds and stock certificates. Harry's wife, Grace, was stretched out on a chaise lounge at some distance from the bed. She was smoking a small cigar in a long holder made from the legbone of a stork. A stork was a large European bird, about half the size of a Bermuda ern. Children who wanted to know where babies came from were sometimes told that they were brought by storks. People who told their children such a thing felt that their children were too young to think intelligently about wide-open beavers and all that.

And there were actually pictures of storks delivering babies on birth announcements and in cartoons and so on, for children to see. A typical one might look like this:



Dwayne Hoover and Harry LeSabre saw pictures like that when they were very little boys. They believed them, too.

Grace LeSabre expressed her contempt for the good opinion of Dwayne Hoover, which her husband felt he had lost. "Fuck Dwayne Hoover," she said. "Fuck Midland City. Let's sell the God damn Xerox stock and buy a condominium on Maui." Maui was one of the Hawaiian Islands. It was widely believed to be a paradise.

"Listen," said Grace, "we're the only white people in Midland City with any kind of sex life, as nearly as I can tell. You're not a freak. Dwayne Hoover's the freak! How many orgasms do you think he has a month?"

"I don't know," said Harry from his humid tent.

Dwayne's monthly orgasm rate on the average over the past ten years, which included the last years of his marriage, was two and one-quarter. Grace's guess was close. "One point five," she said. Her own monthly average over the same period was eighty-seven. Her husband's average was thirty-six. He had been slowing up in recent years, which was one of many reasons he had for feeling panicky.

Grace now spoke loudly and scornfully about Dwayne's marriage. "He was so scared of sex," she said, "he married a woman who had never heard of the subject, who was guaranteed to destroy herself, if she ever *did* hear about it." And so on. "Which she finally did," she said.

"Can the reindeer hear you?" said Harry.

"Fuck the reindeer," said Grace. Then she added, "No, the reindeer cannot hear." *Reindeer* was their code word for the black maid, who was far away in the kitchen at the time. It was their code word for black people in general. It allowed them to speak of the black problem in the city, which was a big one, without giving offense to any black person who might overhear.

"The reindeer's asleep—or reading the *Black Panther Digest*," she said.

The reindeer problem was essentially this: Nobody white had much use for black people anymore—except for the gangsters who sold the black people used cars and dope and furniture. Still, the reindeer went on reproducing. There were these useless, big black animals everywhere, and a lot of them had very bad dispositions. They were given small amounts of money every month, so they wouldn't have to steal. There was talk of giving them very cheap dope, too—to keep them listless and cheerful, and uninterested in reproduction.

The Midland City Police Department, and the Midland County Sheriff's Department, were composed mainly of white men. They had racks and racks of sub-machine guns and twelve-gauge automatic shotguns for an open season on reindeer, which was bound to come.

"Listen—I'm serious," said Grace to Harry. "This is the asshole of the Universe. Let's split to a condominium on Maui and *live* for a change."

So they did.

Dwayne's bad chemicals meanwhile changed his manner toward Francine from nastiness to pitiful dependency. He apologized to her for ever thinking that she wanted a Colonel Sanders Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise. He gave her full credit for unflagging unselfishness. He begged her to just hold him for a while, which she did.

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"I'm so confused," he said.

"We all are," she said. She cradled his head against her breasts.

"I've got to talk to somebody," said Dwayne.

"You can talk to Mommy, if you want," said Francine. She meant that *she* was *Mommy*.

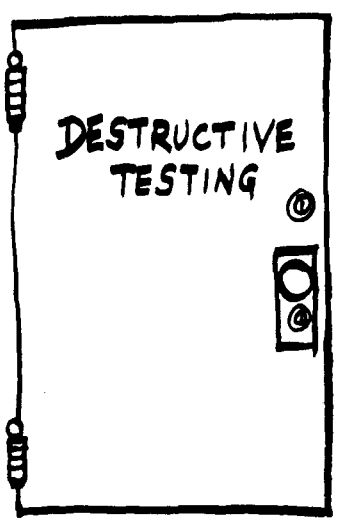
"Tell me what life is all about," Dwayne begged her fragrant bosom.

"Only God knows that," said Francine.

Dwayne was silent for a while. And then he told her haltingly about a trip he had made to the headquarters of the Pontiac Division of General Motors at Pontiac, Michigan, only three months after his wife ate Drano.

"We were given a tour of all the research facilities," he said. The thing that impressed him most, he said, was a series of laboratories and out-of-door test areas where various parts of automobiles and even entire automobiles were destroyed. Pontiac scientists set upholstery on fire, threw gravel at windshields, snapped crankshafts and driveshafts, staged head-on collisions, tore gearshift levers out by the roots, ran engines at high speeds with almost no lubrication, opened and closed glove compartment doors a hundred times a minute for days, cooled dashboard clocks to within a few degrees of absolute zero, and so on.

"Everything you're not supposed to do to a car, they did to a car," Dwayne said to Francine. "And I'll never forget the sign on the front door of the building where all that torture went on." Here was the sign Dwayne described to Francine:



"I saw that sign," said Dwayne, "and I couldn't help wondering if that was what God put me on Earth for—to find out how much a man could take without breaking."

"I've lost my way," said Dwayne. "I need somebody to take me by the hand and lead me out of the woods."

"You're tired," she said. "Why wouldn't you be tired? You work *so* hard. I feel sorry for men, they work so hard. You want to sleep for a while?"

"I can't sleep," said Dwayne, "until I get some answers."

"You want to go to a doctor?" said Francine.

"I don't want to hear the kinds of things doctors say," said Dwayne. "I want to talk to somebody brand new. "Francine," he said, and he dug his fingers into her soft arm, "I want to hear new things from new people. I've heard everything anybody in Midland City ever said, ever *will* say. It's got to be somebody new."

"Like who?" said Francine.

"I don't know," said Dwayne. "Somebody from Mars, maybe."

"We could go to some other city," said Francine.

"They're all like here. They're all the same," said Dwayne.

Francine had an idea. "What about all these painters and writers and composers coming to town?" she said. "You never talked to anybody like that before. Maybe you should talk to one of them. They don't think like other people."

"I've tried everything else," said Dwayne. He brightened. He nodded. "You're right! The Festival could give me a brand new viewpoint on life!" he said.

"That's what it's for," said Francine. "Use it!"

"I will," said Dwayne.

Kilgore Trout, hitchhiking westward, ever westward, had meanwhile become a passenger in a Ford *Galaxie*. The man at the controls of the *Galaxie* was a traveling salesman for a device which engulfed the rear ends of trucks at loading docks. It was a telescoping tunnel of rubberized canvas, and it looked like this in action:

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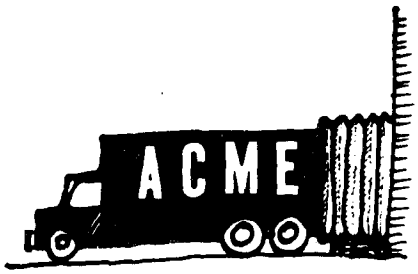

The idea of the gadget was to allow people in a building to load or unload trucks without loosing cold air in the summertime or hot air in the wintertime to the out-of-doors.

The man in control of the *Galaxie* also sold large spools of wire and cable and rope. He also sold fire extinguishers. He was a manufacturer's representative, he explained. He was his own boss, in that he represented products whose manufacturers couldn't afford salesmen of their own.

"I make my own hours, and I pick the products I sell. The products don't sell me," he said. His name was Andy Lieber. He was thirty-two. He was white. He was a good deal overweight like so many people in the country. He was obviously a happy man. He drove like a maniac. The Galaxie was going ninety-two miles an hour now. "I'm one of the few remaining free men in America," he said.

He had a penis one inch in diameter and seven and a half inches long. During the past year, he had averaged twenty-two orgasms per month. This was far above the national average. His income and the value of his life insurance policies at maturity were also far above average.

Trout wrote a novel one time which he called *How You Doin'?* and it was about national averages for this and that. An advertising agency on another planet had a successful campaign for the local equivalent of Earthling peanut butter. The eye-catching part of each ad was the statement of some sort of average—the average number of children, the average size of the male sex organ on that particular planet—which was two inches long, with an inside diameter of three inches and an outside diameter of four and a quarter inches—and so on. The ads invited the readers to discover whether they were superior or inferior to the majority, in this respect or that one—whatever the respect was for that particular ad.

The ad went on to say that superior and inferior people alike ate such and such brand of peanut butter. Except that it wasn't really peanut butter on that planet. It was *Shazzbutter.*

And so on. ■

BABA RAM DASS

(From page 42)

Maharaji sent Ram Dass on a pilgrimage of temples in Southern India, and then Ram Dass arranged to spend the summer monsoon season in a remote mountain ashram meditating. "I saw that my mind was out of control. I knew a lot, I was becoming wise in certain ways, but I felt that I couldn't go further until I quieted my mind. So I arranged for the essence meditation teacher to come, and I put up money for a new water system, just to try to make it all beautiful. I told Maharaji about it, how I was going to go very deep, and then I looked at him, like, aren't I good? And he said, 'If you desire it.' That was the first inkling I had that my craving for meditation was one of my ego desires, that there was a power thing in my meditation, it wasn't pure. Maharaji didn't say meditation was bad or good, but he said the way you're doing it is from ego. He kept showing me that my path, my dharma, is one of devotion and service, my route is the route of the heart."

Ram Dass went to the mountains anyway, thinking, "at least he's still gonna let me do it." But a week later the teacher wrote that he couldn't come, and Maharaji sent 30 Americans to follow Ram Dass. "That ruined it. I gave up. I figured Maharaji's just stronger than I am. So I set up a place for the 30 of us and we had a beautiful summer." Each person had his own cell to meditate, they were silent at meals, and Ram Dass worked with people individually. On Sundays they read the Bible, and on Tuesdays they fasted, worshipped Hanuman and read the Ramayana, the story of Ram. "Maharaji's presence was very powerful. When we saw him later he told us everything that had happened. When I meditated I felt him so near me, he was like a shadow that I couldn't see no matter how fast I spun around. Then I started to feel this great loneliness, that he had gone away from me. It took a while to realize that we were merging ... I was just drunkenly falling into him through love, and ultimately there would be only one of us."

In the fall, he attended a nine-day holy fire ceremony, at the end of which people took a coconut shell, put whatever they wanted to get rid of into it and threw it to the fire. Ram Dass decided to throw sexuality in the fire. " 'My God, I'm 40 years old, I'll give it up,' I thought. And right afterwards I went through the most ferocious anger I'd ever experienced. One of the things that freed me to be angry was that I saw that every relationship I had was sexually toned. With women and men, young and old, there was always a slight, gentle titillation, and the minute I stopped seeing myself and others as sexual objects, that whole pull to get that little rush wasn't there."

Ram Dass and the group were now back with Maharaji, and Ram Dass resented the fact that he wasn't alone with the guru as he had been the first time. Maharaji made him "commander-in-chief of the Westerners," told him to love everyone and always tell the truth. "I figured I've never really told the truth that much," Ram Dass said, "and the truth is I hate all these people. This one's obsequious, that one's whining and selfish, this one's too messy, that one's too neat. It got so that out of 34 people, there wasn't one I could stand. So I thought I'll be truthful about it." He stopped speaking to them all, and for two weeks wouldn't allow anyone near him. One day at the Temple, in front of Maharaji, a boy brought him a leaf of consecrated food and Ram Dass threw it at him. "Holy *prasad,* living grace! And I threw it at him because I hated his guts." Maharaji called him over and said, "Something troubling you?" Ram Dass said, "Yes, I'm angry. I hate everybody but you." Maharaji asked why, and Ram Dass said, "because of the impurities which keep us in the illusion. I can't stand it any-

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more. I can't stand it in anybody including myself. I only love you." Then he broke into racking, screaming sobs. Maharaji sent for milk, and sat patting Ram Dass on the head, feeding him, crying with him, and saying over and over, "You shouldn't be angry. You should love everyone." Ram Dass said, "But you told me to tell the truth and the truth is I hate everyone." Maharaji said no. "A saint doesn't get angry. Tell the truth, and love everyone. There's only one. Love every one."

He looked at the group and saw standing between him and them "this huge mountain—my pride. For me to give up the anger, I had to give up my whole rational position, my reasons for being angry, without sitting down first and talking it over and winning a few points for my side."

Maharaji sent him off to eat, and called the others over and said, "Ram Dass is a great saint. Go touch his feet." This made Ram Dass cringe and feel more furious. "I saw my predicament—I was going to have to do this all myself." He cut an apple into small pieces, went to each person and looked in his eyes "until I found the place in him I loved. Then I let all the rest wash away, silently. I fed them all, and when I was finished there was no more anger. Later I got angry again, but it went through very quickly because I relived that whole moment. I saw that anger is only because you're attached to what you were thinking a moment ago. It's not real, it's only a mind moment. Yes I was angry then. OK, now is now, and if you're right here, everything starts all over again."

It was still in the back room in Boston. Ram Dass had been talking for three hours. I took an apple from my bag, cut it and we shared it. He showed no sign of weariness or impatience, so I put a new casette in the machine, and asked what he feels are his impurities.

"I'm afraid of my desires. Like you being here, your desire to interview me—that comes out of desires I had which led to the book and the whole scene when I came back from India. When I went there, I had used up the psychedelic thing. I was sort of remotely known as a partner of Tim Leary's, and I could very easily have just disappeared into the background. But I didn't, because I had desires. When I saw those hippies in New Hampshire and said, 'I am not that kind of connection'—there it was. All I had to say was, 'Gee no, I don't have any acid,' get in the car and drive off. And I still would be that anonymous being."

Theoretically, if Ram Dass were pure enough, it would be irrelevant whether people mobbed or ignored him. But he is still determining, controlling, how he wants to serve. He refuses to appear on a public stage, but says he finds it "useful for my own consciousness to work with individuals." Maharaji instructed him not to have ashrams or students, and not to stay in any place longer than five days. But when people manage to slip through the net and find Ram Dass, he will sit down with them and ask questions designed to unleash the secret horrors they are keeping chained within. All the while, Ram Dass is looking in their eyes repeating a mantra to himself. "Whatever they say gets completely neutralized the minute they bring it into my consciousness. Because I don't care. I know it's not real. And they feel this tremendous release."

I asked him if one could bypass neurosis through spiritual work. What happens to a depressed person the day after he sees Ram Dass, or the hour after he does his meditation? Ram Dass said at the moment "when we're here together and not caught in any of that stuff—you can call it high—it's a very real feeling. Now the next moment you may go back to the old place, but the experience of the other moment we had loosens the hold just a bit. It's new input. A new kind of valid experience."

He said spiritual work is everything that happens in your life. "Every neurotic hassle I've had was part of my awakening, which is why I tell people not to *do* anything about neurosis, just go to God and let neurosis worry about itself."

Ram Dass said he is at a point where he welcomes rather than tries to avoid pain, because he understands that suffering is purification. "And it's got to be real, not make-believe suffering, where your faith is gone and

LETTERS

(From page 6)

I'm going now to study law. By the time I am free, I expect to be ready for the bar, though I have no hope that the state will ever admit me to it. I appeal to your readers: forgive my old bad advice, and heed my new good counsel. Learn how the system works, master the skills needed to reshape this misguided society.

I commend you not to the study of social science, nor to humanities, for philosophers are not kings nor central committeemen, nor should they be. They are eunuchs and will always be (that's irreversible surgery, after all). Learn accounting, learn law, learn even engineering, for as Eric Hobsbawn correctly saw it, intellectuals may lecture and lead the revolutions, but the bureaucrats always inherit them.

Seize the time, good friends, or time will surely seize you as it did me.

—Bob Cratchit
Soledad, Calif.

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you're in despair. Suffering is the fire that burns away attachments. Despair is the prerequisite for the next level of consciousness." He said he has little interest in taking drugs because "when I'm down it's higher for me than when I'm up. When I'm up, I'm overriding the spots I have to work on, and I'm more interested in doing the work than in remembering how groovy it is. I know how groovy it is." He said drugs take people to one plane while excluding the others. The state of being happy or high is implicitly defined by its opposite—being miserable or down—and a truly conscious person is beyond all dualities. He is both present at and absent from all states and levels. "That's why when Maharaji takes acid, nothing happens." So if you're charting levels of consciousness, with heaven, bliss or satori at the top and hell at the opposite pole, he said, "you're not finished. You're seeking experiences, and all experiences are to be transcended. When you meet a realized being, you see that there's nowhere he isn't, nor is there anywhere he is."

Ram Dass find himself feeling, thinking, and experiencing less. "It's like watching emotions and passions fall away." Sexual desires still ripple up, and in London he spent time with Caroline Winter, the woman he lived with before the first trip to India. "We feel like we're already married in heaven but we can't get it together on the physical plane, we can't be conscious enough. She's seeing Maharaji now, and I don't know, maybe we're going to be 50-year-old married people with ten kids. I can't write the script of this, because sex is one of the last ones you ever get conscious about."

It was late afternoon now. I had been checking off my question list and watching the tape recorder to make sure I was getting it all, and the reporter in me was—no doubt about it—thrilled. But another, subtler voice was still unsatisfied. I asked Ram Dass if we could do some personal work, the kind he had described earlier. He agreed, but said because he was recuperating from hepatitis, he did not have the energy at the moment. We arranged to meet the next morning.

As I left, I turned impulsively to hug him. He laughed with intense sweetness and joy, held me and patted my hair. Then he said abruptly, "Maharaji told me not to touch people."

Sunday, ten a.m. Ram Dass was sitting in front of a window; because his face was backlit by brilliant sun, the features were difficult to distinguish and at times dissolved into blackness.

"There is a Sikh saying: 'Once you know that God knows everything, you're free,' " Ram Dass said. "We all have rooms in our head we keep closed and guarded, as part of our social posture. That guarding is energy, and it makes the things real. Freedom lies in realizing that everything you were protecting isn't who you really are."

He said he would look in my eyes as a focal point, "nothing personal about it. And I just do mantra. And our base camp, the base from which we work. And all this verbal . . . ahlalalalala . . . this is just stuff. That's the most expressive word I can find to describe what all of our attachments are. It's beautiful stuff, it's the Divine Mother, it's illusion. It's all to be enjoyed without attachment." He was silent a while. "As I look in your eyes, you're direct, you're honest, but the level of your trust is something else. There's nothing you can say to me that makes any difference. So the simple question I'll ask again and again is: if there is anything you can bring to mind that would be difficult, embarrassing or painful to share, share it with me. When I ask the question, say whatever comes. Don't judge it, just let it spill out."

I waited. Nothing came to my head that felt particularly difficult or embarrassing to say. I began to talk about falling prey to self pity and self loathing.

Ram Dass: "The other side of that coin is self love. It's attachment to good and evil. It's judging, you're judging yourself, are you good or horrible, admirable or pitiful? You identify with the judge. You think you *are* the judge. But the judge is just more stuff. Behind that, we are neither good nor evil. We just are."

He asked the question again, and two words danced forth bringing tears: "Long . . . suffering. You said suffering purifies, but I feel I've suffered enough. I've had enough punishment. I don't want any more pain. I don't care if I stand still for eternity, I don't want to suffer anymore. It's the whole self pity thing, nobody else suffers as much, it's all unfair."

Ram Dass: "Can you hear that? All right. It's very hard to extricate yourself from your own melodrama. Self pity's a very powerful attachment. But evil and self pity are just more stuff. It's stuff and you're right here. And there's self pity. There it is."

By now, despite the fact that I was crying and wringing kleenex, it was as if I were playing in a soap opera. It actually didn't feel real at all.

Ram Dass said, "There's nothing to fear. What is the worst fear—death. If you die, so there's death. You'll work through it and start again."

"I don't believe that."

"You don't have to. Here we are."

The interplay went on for several hours. I heard a soft bleeping noise, but dismissed it as probably something like a telephone off the hook. I kept talking, until he said, "I think that's your machine." I looked down. The wheels had stopped turning, a red light was flashing, and tape was spewing out the slits of the casette like spaghetti. This was, curiously, the first time in my professional life I had decided not to worry about whether the machine was working. "You've got to keep it all together, not get lost in the clouds," Ram Dass said. I put in a fresh casette, and he added, laughing, "Wait till you hear all the self pity in there!"

He was focusing on the judge more and more, calling it "Her Honor." I would describe something as "incredible" and he'd interrupt: "Incredible is a judgmental word."

"I feel like there's nothing I can say. You've stripped me."

"Oh, don't be silly. There's lots more. We haven't even begun yet."

"But if I'm not to judge, I don't know how to operate. You've taken away everything I use."

"You're still using things you can't even see yet."

If this sounds harsh, it did not feel that way at all. I sensed his complete, unconditional acceptance: while he was smacking my ego, he was in no way attacking *me*.

I could read nothing in his eyes, however. No sympathy, encouragement, discouragement, pressure. I told

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him I couldn't believe he has no feelings, desires or dubious motivations. "I have the urge to take off my clothes and rip off yours and say, let's see how holy you are."

Ram Dass: "When you say something that's powerful like that, I can see by your face, you're holding on to it, making it real. Instead of, yeah, right, that's more stuff, everybody's got stuff."

"I'm beginning to feel very uncomfortable."

Ram Dass: "It's just another feeling. I'm uncomfortable, that's who I am, somebody who feels uncomfortable. Then you get all ready to react to that one. But that's just another feeling and they come by so fast. You know that one thought away is total comfort, too. So how real could the uncomfort be?"

He was right. I was now perfectly at ease. I tried to stand up, but had trouble keeping my balance. He wrapped the cord around the tape recorder for me and, somewhat like a sheep dog, prodded me toward the door and out. "I can see you tomorrow morning. We'll wind up the interview."

I spent the rest of that day in a very unfamiliar frame of mind. I don't think I had ever considered the possibility of being neither good nor evil, or some unstable compound of the two. So it was, now, as if I were just barely, tenuously, catching the feel of what it would be like to be beyond dualities. Everything I saw, heard, and perceived through my senses was without affect—without accompanying emotion. The faces on the street, the orange sunset over Boston harbor, the piped music in the elevator, elicited in me no reactive feeling. It was all just there, a play of patterns, and the play, rather than any one pattern, was breathtaking. When I described this to Ram Dass, he said, "When you stop judging and you stop desiring, everything changes. It's like an illuminated manuscript, and calm always—the sky, nature, people. It all comes in directly, and it all just *is*. Then you hold for a minute and it turns back into 'reality.' "

I said I did not sense being up or down now so much as grounded, and strong. "You'll lose that," he said, and grinned. "Cheap highs go fast."

Several people close to Ram Dass had told me his weakest area is his understanding of women, sex, and relations between couples. So when we met Monday, I opened the subject. He admitted not being on sure ground. "A number of couples come to me and say, 'We're really concerned because our sex brings us down.' I say that's partly because of your habits about sex. To achieve oneness, you have to not get lost in the physical drive but stay conscious, see your partner as Ram or the Divine Mother, so that every touch, every kiss, is an act of devotion to that sacred being." But this is not easy, he said, and for him, "genital sex can only bring me down. I almost feel I've made it already with everyone I meet, because there's such an intimate connection, and you've got to get caught in separateness to come together through sex. Maybe when I understand it clearly, I'll see it dif-

HE REALLY DID

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ferently, but I'm beginning to think Ghandi was absolutely right on when he said if you're in true harmony with the universe, the only time you have sex is to reproduce."

On the issue of women, he was more insistent. "Most women's major work is to understand why they were born a woman. It wasn't random. You take a woman's body because you have certain work to do, and it's my understanding that it's not a full incarnation if you don't honor your biological impulses—to reproduce, and nurture children. The idea is not to end up more womanly, or restrict yourself to the house, but to understand what your incarnation is about. Just as I have to understand my incarnation, why I didn't come out a man in the full sense."

This view does not preclude sympathy to women's liberation, he said. "I honor people's efforts to end inequality and relieve suffering, and if it's your dharma, your path, to be in women's lib and change things, change them. But don't get caught in thinking that's what it's all about."

People involved in political efforts, he said, tend to confuse external and internal freedom. "They're not the same thing. No matter how much another person suppresses you, even if he crucifies you, it has nothing to do with your internal freedom. These are the hardest things to accept—the relationship of the spirit to the external world. Political work is a noble way to spend your time here, so long as you do it without attachment, and with the understanding that it's not the whole game. Because there are people who have all the freedom, all the things these movements are designed to give everyone, and they're not fulfilled as human beings."

He said the highest thing anyone can do for society is to work on himself, because "every advancement in man's condition has come about by someone becoming a little more conscious. War is the result of lack of consciousness. So is hunger. There's enough food to feed every human being that exists, but the consciousness of man is such that he says, it's my food, not yours."

I asked Ram Dass what he does about money, and what has happened to the book royalties, which I estimate to be more than $100,000. He said the money is used by Lama Foundation to subsidize a "mish-mash of spiritual projects." Lama gives Ram Dass living expenses, and his father is "always waiting at the post to give me money but I rarely take it. I could do lecture tours, you know, and make $1,000 a night, but I would like not to be connected with money in any way. Nothing I have is for sale."

He was starting to rock back and forth on his heels, and indicate, by sighs, that the interviewing had gone on long enough. But before I left, I wanted to check something out. There had been contradictions in his theories, and some of his statements about India seemed jejune, but what troubled me was something I had learned the day before from a group of New Yorkers who had driven up in the rain—seven hours over flooded roads—to see Ram Dass. When they reached Boston, he said he couldn't see the group, and there was no reason for them to have made the whole trip. Cathy, the exuberant young woman who organized the caravan, said she felt disappointed because "nothing passed between us. He didn't even acknowledge the connection."

This had set off in me a rush of emotions. Why was he giving me so much of his time? Why did he say yes to me and rebuff the others?

When I asked, Ram Dass curled up like a cat. "Let's see if I can reconstruct this. I think the fact that you were doing an article had something to do with it, not because of publicity but because it was a collaborative effort that would push me to formulate things. When Cathy called up all gushing and emotional, I thought, oh, why do we need this hysterical homecoming scene?

He rested his chin on his hand. "Cathy's a beautiful being, but there's a place in me that doesn't like that kind of woman. When a woman is overbearing and smothering, I can't stand it." He made a sour face. "I want to shove her away. But I have to wrestle with that—that's where I haven't finished my work. I can't see the God in her."

I started gathering my things. Ram Dass said, "This has really been interesting. I can see from when you probe certain areas that there are subtle places where I'm not pure. I'm not all done with it."

"You never said you were."

He laughed, and stretched out his long legs. "Yeah, but I implied it."

Several weeks later when I was back in New York, a friend called to tell me Ram Dass was passing through and would be at the meditation group that night. Within six hours, word of mouth brought out more than 250 people.

At about half past seven, a man wearing a faded yellow polo shirt, brown pants and orange socks walked through the door. Heads turned. "Is that Ram Dass?" He would not take the seat of honor, but squeezed into the row facing Hilda. Hilda said, "I'm not going to ask Ram Dass to speak, so it's up to you kids. If you have enough will . . ."

"I give up!" Ram Dass laughed. He rose on his haunches, and turned toward the crowd. As the words began, the figure in faded clothing became something else—a perfect showman. He repeated stories he had told me during the interviews, but now they were polished little dramas, complete with sub-plots and comic relief. "I didn't really want to end up on the path I'm on," he said at the start. "I wanted something much more esoteric and exquisite. I wanted to know some secrets, and give mysterious initiations, and have powers, and be able to do things *to* people, and just have a little shtick to go along with it. But all I know is to love my guru, love everyone, and see God everywhere. You can't earn a living telling people that!"

He spoke more than an hour, and seemed, in the outflow of stories and ideas, to lose his consciousness of self. For he sat back, finally, onto the tier of cushions that had been so carefully built for him.

"I know the day will come, and not too distant, when I'll walk into a room and nobody will say, 'There's Ram Dass.' Because it's, 'There's everyone.' It's all the light. Ultimately you will feel the light in yourself and you'll see it in everyone you look at, everyone! Then you'll realize there's nobody special. No heroes and no villains. It's just all of God's children.

"Namasté." ■

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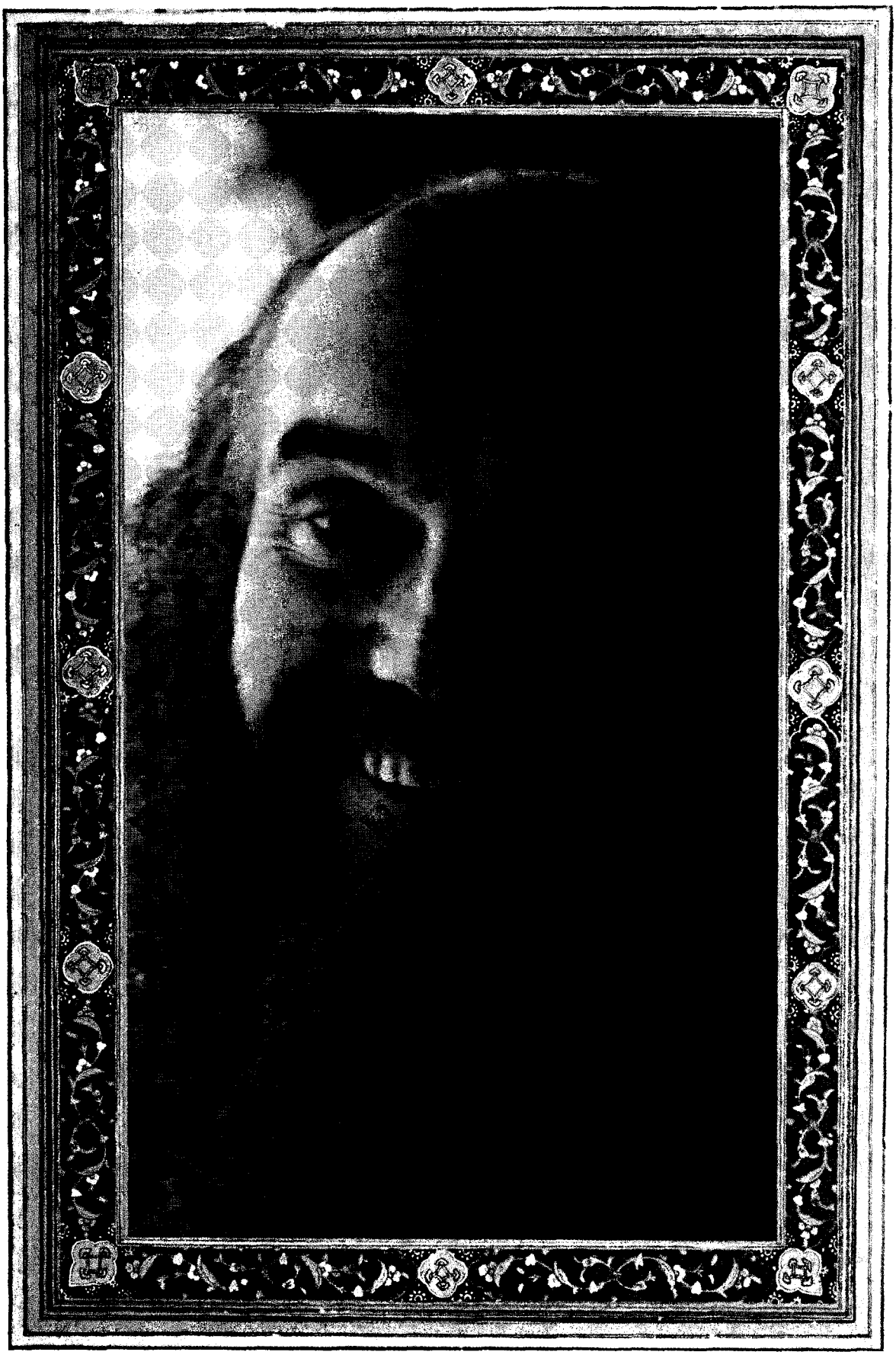

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"OUR MANAGER HAS GREAT TASTE IN MUSIC"

—he's got us: Humble Pie. And a Harman/Kardon 150+.

Humble Pie with manager Dee Anthony in his New York City apartment.

Humble Pie did not earn their reputation by making humble music. They make some of the wildest sounds you can hear today, and the 150+ makes sure you hear every one of them.

The Harman/Kardon 150+ *Multichannel* receiver can get more out of a single note of music in mono, stereo or quadraphonic than any other receiver at the price.

It can reproduce Humble Pie the way they sound in a live performance because its circuitry is based on the same principles as the Harman/Kardon Citation amplifiers used by rock groups in live performances.

Some of the music Humble Pie makes will not only blow your mind, it will blow you out of the room.

The 150+ is the most powerful receiver we build. (70 RMS watts per channel in the stereo mode; 30 RMS watts per channel in the *Multichannel* mode.)

And it can put out that power with little or no distortion because its ultra-wideband power amplifier and preamplifier stages give near-perfect phase linearity from 1 Hertz to beyond 75kHz.

And because the 150+ is *Multichannel*, you can do more with it than any receiver you've ever heard.

If you have an extra set of speakers you can hook them up to the 150+ and create a separate stereo system in another room and play two different programs. Each with its own tone controls.

Plus you can use it as a quadraphonic receiver. The 150+ has four separate amplifiers to play your records and tapes through four separate speakers.

Put all your speakers in one room and you have the most advanced music system available.

The 150+ has a unique phasing circuit that takes regular stereo and reproduces it as "enhanced stereo." And when you begin to buy four-channel records, the 150+ is ready to play them.

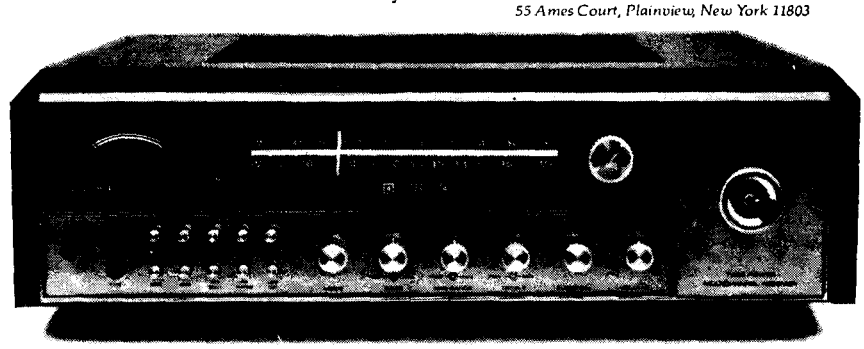
The 150+ is also the first receiver with an FM tuner that can tell the difference between music and noise.

It has a "quieting" meter (patent pending) that tells you exactly how much noise is accompanying the music you're listening to and lets you adjust the tuner or antenna to the precise point where noise is at a minimum.

So if you're as fond of Humble Pie as Humble Pie, you can hear them at their best on a Harman/Kardon 150+.

And we say that with all humility.

harman/kardon
the music company
55 Ames Court, Plainview, New York 11803



Distributed in Canada by Harman/Kardon of Canada, Ltd., Cote de Liesse Rd., Montreal 760, Quebec.
Humble Pie records exclusively for A&M Records. Certified Gold Albums: "Performance" and "Smokin'." Latest release, "Lost and Found."

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Robert Redford as "Jeremiah Johnson"

some say he's dead... some say he never will be.

ROBERT REDFORD in A Sydney Pollack Film "JEREMIAH JOHNSON" A Joe Wizan-Sanford Production · Co Starring WILL GEER · ALLYN ANN McLERIE · STEFAN GIERASCH CHARLES TYNER · And Introducing DELLE BOLTON · Music by John Rubinstein and Tim McIntire · Screenplay by John Milius and Edward Anhalt · Produced by Joe Wizan Directed by Sydney Pollack · Panavision® · Technicolor® · From Warner Bros., A Warner Communications Company PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED

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GRATEFUL DEAD

ON WARNER BROS

EUROPE '72

RECORDS & TAPES

THREE RECORD SET RECORDED IN CONCERT

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